THE LAND WE LOVE.

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MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPIRE.

For once the world is presented with the novelty of a grand political mistake on the part of his Imperial Majesty of France.

To see the ultimate fate of the Empire of Mexico, does not require the eye of a seer,—or to tell it, the tongue of a prophet. Five words will relate it. It will prove a failure. Not because Juarez and his party are too strong; not because Maximilian cannot raise men and means enough to maintain himself against the Liberals *alone;* and not for lack of a strong native support for the new-made sovereign: but because the United States will, indirectly, hurl upon him a weight that will crush him; or, if indirect means fail, will do it openly, in the broad light of day.

But whether, recognizing a fact that is palpable, the French Emperor will let his project fail at once and thereby confess his blunder candidly—or whether he will sustain it for some years longer, hoping for another great convulsion here, when he may rectify his error, and seek, by diplomacy and arms, to interpose a barrier between the Rio Grande and the United States, does require a prophet to tell: for the Emperor Napoleon knows how to keep his own counsel. He may be debating whether it will be more graceful to acquiesce and acknowledge a failure now, or to do it five,—ten, years hence, perhaps after a war to ease his pride, yielding then "by treaty."

Or is he watching Washington City with the same hawk-like vigilance with which Mr. Seward is watching him,—only waiting for the iron to become hot again, that he may not fail to strike where he failed to strike before? "*Je n'en sais rien.*" But I do know there is no fault fortune visits more severely than procrastination.—And Napoleon III. is *too late!*

That he ever meant to set up, in Maximilian, a mere puppet for temporary use, no one imagines, and that the debt of Mexicans to Frenchmen was sufficiently great to justify seizure of the whole Republic in payment, or the establishment of an Empire in its stead, no one can suppose he pretended to think, or that he expected to make others believe. His object was to build an Empire: to found a dynasty. His reason, that it was time to gain a foot-hold on this Continent: to have the means of restraining the absolute sway of the United States on this side the Ocean. In other words, he demands a "balance of power" in

America and takes the initiative in its establishment, because he sees a good opportunity and because he claims a voice in the destiny of nations.

He selected well the time to accomplish his design. For had the United States been at peace when the Austrian Archduke landed at Vera Cruz on the 29th May, 1864, she would have gone to war with him and the French with a speed and vigor that would have called forth *all* the power of the latter and their Austrian coadjutors. But the United States had her hands full, and the Confederate States wanted allies, not enemies. Thus the logic was very pretty. Before the North could conquer the South, the new Empire was to become *un fait accompli*, and as such the United States would not attempt to disturb it. On the other hand, should the South succeed, there was his barrier, his breakwater, his ally, provided in the most convenient manner, and no extra trouble to his Majesty.

To recognize the Confederate States and then to form an alliance with them, was to be done only *en dernier ressort:* only when it was seen, too clearly for mistake, that they could not achieve their independence alone. But, so long as they could stagger up to the combat and strike one more blow, so long as the process of mutual exhaustion continued—"*hands off!*" In the end, Maximilian would be all the safer, and to dictate terms to ally and enemy, all the easier.

In watching the American war, he waited for the moment when he could make his position strongest, with the least cost, and he waited some months too long.

Late in April of last year, (1865,) it was said by the American and English papers, that Napoleon had made overtures to England through her minister near his Court, to enter into an alliance to resist any aggression of the United States on this continent: and this proposition was said to have been made upon receipt of the intelligence of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the virtual conclusion of the "civil war" in America.

That he had proposed, long anterior to this, to the same power, to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy, is believed to be well ascertained. But the coalition ministry of Great Britain, with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russel as its head, refused. Lord Palmerston was not averse: but he needed Lord Russel's support for his hobby—viz: his policy with regard to British India, its development, &c., and that was to be had only on condition of his sustaining the other's fanaticism in regard to slavery and his toadyism to the United States. So the failure of the first proposition from France, was but the fore-runner of the failure of the second: and in both instances Napoleon feared to act alone. He forgot that to work his will among nations he must only fear *failure;* and he did not appreciate that in attaining that goal, a blunder is more fatal than a crime.

To suppose that he did not see that it was of vital importance to have, if he could, a friendly power between Mexico and her arrogant neighbor, is to suppose him blind. Had he acted for himself when he proposed his alliance with England, and *immediately* entered into one with General Kirby Smith and what remained of the Confederacy in the "Trans-Mississippi Department," putting an army there to back it, he might, possibly, have been in time, even at that late day. At all events, it was his only chance: he neglects it, and his last throw was gone.

The "so-called" Confederate States are so-called no longer, but are re-absorbed into the United States as tributaries and provinces

thereof. Let us point out what Maximilian has lost by this conclusion of the struggle, and why.

That Napoleon III. could, during the war, have claimed the right to look after national destiny here, it is to be presumed he knew. Sovereigns never lack information that will afford them pretexts for doing what they want to do.

Napoleon I, amidst "*le bien qu'il coulait faire a l'humanité*," was not unmindful of this Continent; to have ignored so vast a theatre of action, would have been un-Napoleonic. It is true that in 1803, when he was "Consul for life," he ceded the Louisiana territory to the United States; but this was not through choice, but of necessity. He had already obtained the retro-cession of all this territory and "West Florida" in addition, from Spain, by the treaty of San Ildefonso, in 1795; and so far from contemplating it as a barren possession, he had made every preparation to fill it with troops under Marshal Victor. England and her allies gave him use for this armament at home—blocking it up in the Dutch ports—and his exchequer had need of the money ($15,000,000,) which Thomas Jefferson, then President of the U. S., offered, and eventually paid, for this vast territory.

Its vastness will be comprehended when it is remembered that it comprised the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, most of Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Indian Territory. In addition to that, a large part of two other States was acquired by the same treaty, which declared that the territory was ceded to the United States, with the same boundaries it had when ceded by Spain to France. Under that declaration the United States claimed all the country from the Perdido river, on the East, to the Pearl, on the West, then known as West-Florida, and in 1811 they occupied the important points with troops. In 1817-'19 Alabama and Mississippi, formed out of West-Florida and the territory north of it, part of which had belonged to Georgia, stepped into the Union.

In "interfering," therefore, in the adjustment of nationalities on this Continent, Napoleon III. could have been, or, in regard to Mexico, is, but treading in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle. It is Augustus re-conquering Egypt; the great mistake in the *role* is that he commenced too far South, on the one hand, and was *too late* in strengthening his position, on the other: the first error is one of geography—the second, of chronology.

In his geography, the Emperor mistook the Gulf of California for the Gulf of Mexico—Cape St. Lucas for Cape Sable. With Mexico France had no ground to interfere to the extent of subverting one government in order to establish another upon its ruins, save on the assumption of a general guardianship of the destinies of weaker powers: and on this ground, the United States may, in the same way, reorganize Cuba or Central America; nay, on the same ground, she may claim the right to restore republican institutions in Mexico itself.

But with the fate of Louisiana and the other States mentioned, Napoleon had a far clearer right of arbitrament, in the forum of international law. For nations, treaties are the title-deeds and history the registration office, for their territories. If the treaty by which Louisiana was ceded by France, be violated by the United States, the former has the right to demand either explanation or damages, or to claim a revulsion of the territory. Just as the violation, by one party, of the terms of a deed of bargain and sale, entitles the other to redress, or renders the contract void.

Now one of the stipulations of the treaty between Jefferson and

Napoleon the Consul was, *that the relation then existing between the races, should not be altered, except by consent of the population in said territory.* This stipulation was violated on the part of the United States, both by an Executive proclamation and a change in fundamental law; and no consent asked from, or remuneration tendered to, the populations.

Now Napoleon I., in this provision, was no less regardful of the blacks than of the whites,—subjects whom he was bartering away. If his nephew had chosen to interfere to vindicate the treaty and to maintain the *status* of the two races, he could have done so upon the ground that there was reserved to him, by treaty, a voice in their destiny. When, therefore, the Federals, in freeing the slaves of this Louisiana territory, *destroyed* a number of them variously estimated at from sixty to three hundred thousand souls, in two years, in the name of liberty enslaving the whites and in the name of humanity annihilating the blacks, Napoleon might legitimately have interfered, and, grasping the treaty, have demanded a restitution of those safe guards his uncle threw around the white and colored French whom he sold.

But again: Mr. Jefferson who consummated the purchase of Louisiana, was the father of the States-Rights school of politics; he was the vindicator of State-Sovereignty and the right of secession. He wrote the celebrated Virginia resolutions of 1788—'89 with Mr. Madison's pen, and the still more emphatic Kentucky resolutions of '89 with his own pen. About the time that he bought Louisiana, he declared in a letter, afterwards published, that if the States to be formed out of this territory should, after they became Sovereign States, choose to secede, they would, under the treaty and the Constitution, be at liberty to do so. The argument he was pursuing in that letter, it is needless to refer to; the fact is what we want. His view of the future relation of these populations to the Union, was well known; and the same view was, beyond doubt, communicated to the mind of Napoleon I. It is not to be presumed that he would utter and publish his construction of the transaction, without knowing and considering therein the views of the other party. Therefore, to destroy the sovereignty of these States, was to violate the treaty in a second point, and Napoleon III. had a historic, a stipulated right to inquire into this matter.

But the Emperor's second mistake, was one of chronology; an anachronism which he cannot now correct. There is nothing so irretrievable as lost opportunities.—For him to defer a treaty of alliance, as he did, with these States, was to give Lee and Johnston and their armies to the cause of a single American empire as opposed to a division of power on this continent. It was to transfer the power of the Confederacy from Canada and Mexico, to the United States.

In regard to Canada, the policy of the imperious Republic was plainly declared in a letter from Hon. R. J. Walker, a reputed secret agent sent to that Province by the American Government in 1864. While Canada is content to remain a province of Britain, the United States will not interfere, so long as England behaves herself; but the moment Canada demands separation, the United States will step in to vindicate the doctrine of geographical unities, and annex her to themselves; that is, having just combated and overcome the natural right of secession claimed by the Southern States, they will enforce this right in behalf of Canada against Great Britain.

But their policy in regard to Mexico is more unequivocal and

far more threatening. If there be one sentiment common to the whole North, from the Susquehanna to the St. Lawrence, it is that the French are to be expelled from Mexico, and republican institutions reëstablished there.—I leave the South and its sentiments out of the question, because the Southern States are but ciphers, and it is the other section that dictates the policy of the whole. Indeed, the feeling of the South may be said to be that of the coldest, most apathetic indifference as to the fate of the Empire. They have seen the blind blunder of France, and they laugh at it now with a bitter laughter. A year-and-a-half ago they were less indifferent.

But throughout the whole North, in the cars, on the street, in the saloons, on the hustings, in the pulpit, everywhere, for once the politician finds a policy from which no voice dissents. This expulsion is, to the Northern mind, what the proposition that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is to the mathematician: he hesitates whether to class it among demonstrative or axiomatic truths. Space only permits me to give the heads of the arguments, as an American would make it, and from which the demonstration should proceed to the French mind.

First, and before all, stands the *Monroe Doctrine*. The American calls this emphatically his *doctrine;* that is, his faith, his political religion. Originating, it is said, with Mr. Clay, a Whig, it was promulgated as a political formula by a Democrat, Mr. Monroe; re-affirmed by Jackson and Polk, radicals and war men. It received, in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the sanction of Fillmore and Everett, the most eminently peaceful of conservatives. Thus all parties have endorsed, all believe in, none will abandon it.

Second, *Republican Institutions.* "Revolutions tread no step backward." To establish republican institutions in America was a revolution; and the American mind has adopted, as a part of its religion, that neither principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall prevail against those institutions. Now, for monarchy to supplant republicanism is, say they, a relapse. It is to turn back the current of progress; nay, the wheels of time itself. It is putting old wine into new bottles. It is as if slavery should reclaim the empire of free labor, or polygamy supplant christian marriage.—And Maximilian can no more withstand the advance of the Anglo-American into Mexico than can Brigham Young forestall christianity in Utah. "Sire," exclaims the United States to Napoleon, "did we ask you to dethrone Victor Emanuel, or to erect the Principalities into a representative democracy, or to establish free suffrage in Venice? Then, if we did not interfere with your disposition for the order of Europe, why should you interfere with republican institutions in America? No! Once, for all time, we must teach France, England and the world that Americans can and *will* govern America!" And that is the voice of the people and the government.

Third, *Mr. Seward.* If the American Premier is not a diplomatist, then has Machiavelli written and Richelieu lived in vain.—National honor is to him a reality, but one which may be held in abeyance; national policy declares itself in action and waits upon opportunity for its development.

Now, what declared this wily statesman when Napoleon's *projet* in Mexico began to be fully understood? Let the following letter from his diplomatic correspondence, (with Mr. Adams, Minister to England,) be read, with his own italics, and with the knowledge that, as the thunder-cloud is dark-

est when most fully surcharged with lightning, so the Secretary of State, when most obscure is deepest and most threatening:

"[No. 397.] DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, May 3, 1864.

SIR:—I thank you sincerely for your dispatch of the 15th of April, (No. 600,) which contains information particularly new and interesting, in regard to the proceedings which have culminated in the departure of the Archduke Maximilian from Trieste, with the intention to establish an imperial monarchy in Mexico. Every thinking observer must be fully satisfied, without special evidence, that those events had their origin in a conspiracy of Mexicans against the independence and freedom of their own country.—Nevertheless, it will be fortunate for the future of Mexico, and for the cause of Republican Government there, if the history of the details you have given me of the conspiracy shall become generally known. You have very clearly explained the motives and sentiments which have induced so many of the influential statesmen and authorities of Europe, to favor the subversion of the Mexican Republic. *All these motives and sentiments resolve themselves into a jealousy of the advancement of the United States.* Their great prosperity and progress have necessarily provoked this political antagonism."

He concludes thus: "I know no other way for us than to contemplate the situation calmly, do our whole duty faithfully, meet every emergency as it rises with prudence, firmness and force, if necessary, and trust in God for a safe issue of the contest."

Now, if in this letter we read for "influential statesmen of Europe," *Napoleon;* and it the recommendation to "meet every emergency as it rises, with prudence, firmness and force, if necessary," be translated—"*let us wait till the rebellion is crushed, and then restore republican institutions in Mexico by arms, if it cannot be done otherwise,*" we shall then have Mr. Seward's true meaning.

The only wonder is, that, in this instance, the Secretary should have departed from his policy of non-committalism in the Franco-Mexican question till "the rebellion" *was* "crushed." When Richmond fell, he exclaimed: "*Now the French will be able to get their tobacco!*" A joke with less humor, but more sardonic significance than any ever perpetrated by his late executive chief.

Nor should we omit the correspondence between Mr. Seward and Senor Romero, (whom the Secretary styles "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United-Mexican States, accredited to the Government of the United States of America,") in relation to the alienation or hypothecation of various Mexican States to France. In this correspondence M. Romero styles the Emperor Maximilian not otherwise than "*the Usurper,*" and recalls to the recollection of Mr. Seward the *formal protest of France* against a similar transaction, while on the verge of consummation, between the United States and Mexico, in the spring of 1862. Mr. Seward replies with his usual caution, but with his usual significant intimation of a future adjustment and day of reckoning. He says the document (Senor Romero's letter) shall be placed on file in the archives of the government, as additional evidence of the zeal and ability of the Mexican Minister, "*and for such other uses and purposes as future events may render it necessary to apply it to.*"

Thus does this mercury of a Secretary carefully lay away thunder-bolts for "Jove's armor-bearer," the American Eagle, to let fly whenever this immortal bird shall arrive at an understanding with

destiny as to the proper moment to strike Mexico.

Fourth, *the President.* Andrew Johnson, in the conduct of foreign relations, has always identified himself with the Democratic party—the party of progress and propagandism. If the Monroe Doctrine has been to the conservative as the Nicene creed—to the Democrat it has been an inspiration itself, about which no man dare raise a question, save at the price of political damnation. Mr. Johnson is no new convert to this creed, but an old, faithful adherent of it. I have before me none of his speeches referring to this subject, except an extract from one made by him in 1846, in which, speaking of the possibility of encroachment by the British lion, he says, at the conclusion of a contemptuous and threatening denunciation of such a prospect: "We will cause him * * * * to retreat, with the blood dripping from his mane, from a soil that he has dared to pollute by his injurious tread.—We will not track him in blood around the globe, but will drive him forever from this continent." Nor is he less ready to affirm the same doctrine in any other case. And we may well accredit him with equally warlike proclivities under the blaze of military success and luck illuminating the past year.

He has not, as yet, openly expressed his views upon the case we are now considering. But we must give its full value to the significant fact of Senor Romero's accompanying, by invitation, the Chief Magistrate in his recent tour through a large portion of the United States; and of his being, everywhere, a prominent and distinguished member of the Presidential party. It is no mere idle, personal civility.

Fifth, *the Senate.* This body, it will be remembered, refused, almost unanimously, to vote an appropriation to support a Minister to Mexico, without the insertion of the word "*Republic.*"—Now was this done without Mr. Seward's connivance? He asks an appropriation to support a Minister to the "Republic of Mexico." Behold the sublimity of state-craft! The principle is saved; Maximilian goes unrecognized; the Emperor of France is appeased, for the Executive has done *its* part towards recognition!

Sixth, *the House of Representatives.* A certain prominent member of this body was Henry Winter Davis. A Virginian by birth, he was a Marylander by adoption and a New Englander in sentiment. He was scarcely of middle age, with a handsome, intellectual face, classic head, and possessed of considerable political influence, which was in no degree lessened by his *personnel.* When quite young he published a book called "Ormuzd and Ahriman." It created some sensation and exhibited brilliancy, power and thought. It drew the contrast between the spirit of political good and the spirit of political evil; between the despotic principle, as represented by Russia, and the principle of freedom as represented by this Republic. It fore-pictured a gigantic conflict in which the old *regime* would be arrayed against the new; Monarchy against Republicanism; Europe against America; the world against the United States. And the occasion of all this would be the attempt to reëstablish monarchy on this continent. This book was enthusiastic and sanguine; it was the rhapsody of a youth—but "the boy is father to the man."

In 1864 we find this individual setting the impress of maturity upon the speculation of boyhood. We find him, while in perfect accord with Mr. Seward, offering a

resolution declaratory, in substance, of the principle that the United States will not submit to the erection of a monarchy upon the ruins of a republic in Mexico, by the aid of European powers.—This resolution was passed by a large majority.

Seventh, *the Press.* This, the mouth-piece of the Northern people, has but one utterance on this subject. Far less unanimity pervaded its tone upon the question of reëstablishing the Union by arms. One has no need of files for illustration. Before me are extracts, made more than a year ago, from some New York dailies. The *Tribune*, the organ of Horace Greely, representing the less violent of the Republican party, says:

"No foreign country will receive the news of our recent victories with greater delight than Mexico. The moment our rebellion is at an end, the war of the national party in Mexico will be prosecuted with new vigor and enthusiasm. Juarez is offering very large bounties to volunteers, which, together with the patriotic wish to aid in the expulsion of a European Prince from the republican soil of America, will place a very respectable army at the disposal of the President of Mexico."

The *World*, the organ of the war democracy, in a lengthy article upon the subject, argues that Maximilian cannot sustain himself in Mexico without France, and concludes in these words:

"While the people of the United States are by no means unfriendly to France, there is a very deep-seated feeling that Napoleon availed himself of our domestic troubles and difficulties, to inaugurate his mission in the new world; and the triumph of our arms will not make us more tolerant of any past grievances and disturbances, arising out of a state of things along our frontier, for which France is chiefly responsible. We must have peace, and adequate guaranties of peace, along our whole border-line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California. If Maximilian and his French allies are unable to afford those guaranties, it is no fault of ours; and the public opinion of christendom will hardly quarrel with us if, in securing them ourselves, we take the liberty of remembering that republics, as well as empires, may have 'missions' to fulfil, and of believing that order may be 'consolidated' by institutions in harmony with our own, as well as by institutions which, now for many years we have sought, by precept and example, to discredit throughout the world."

The *News*, the organ of the peace democracy, declares that "The doom of the Franco-Austrian alliance on this continent is sealed. It is not necessary for the Federal Government to declare the Monroe Doctrine; the people will vindicate it upon their own responsibility."

The *Herald* uses language identical in meaning, and almost so in terms.

The *Times*, then the organ of the ultra war republicans, is quite as emphatic; while the Philadelphia *Press*, the organ of John Forney, announces, with glee, that extensive organizations existed in that city for "emigration" to Mexico, and that the number similarly enrolled in New York already exceeded five thousand.

The Washington *Chronicle*, the organ of the Administration, published the open advertisements of Juarez for emigrants to go to Mexico, while similar advertisements were posted in the cities of the North; and, as one journal significantly adds, "the *object* is well understood."

Thus, as all branches of the representative government have spoken, so all phases of political sentiment among the people, as represented by their press, concur most heartily in the proposition to

re-establish republican institutions in Mexico. And so government and people speak now. On the 11th September, when the President and party arrived at St. Louis, Mr. Seward, while speaking, in answer to vociferous calls, was asked from the crowd: "how about Mexico?" And his reply, delivered in the presence of Senor Romero, is characteristically cautious, but not enigmatical, save in appearance: "Yes, I will tell you something about Mexico.—Take care of the States you have already got, and when you have secured them, I will talk to you about Mexico." Translated it means: "We have two tasks of reconstruction to perform. The *first* in the Southern States, the second in Mexico."

So the people press the government, and the government sustains the people. *Cuneus cuneum trudit.*

Lastly, *the Army*. The sentiment among them was, and is, identical with that of the people. At the time of the surrender a prominent journal stated: "We learn from Washington that a number of Union officers, distinguished for service and gallantry, whose terms have expired, have yielded to flattering overtures made by responsible parties, and accepted commissions in the (Republican) army of Mexico."—Whole regiments of Federal soldiers, we are told, offered, upon their discharge, to go, in their organized form to Mexico; and the paroled soldiers of General Lee's army, were frequently importuned by their late foes, to engage as *emigrants* for the same destination.

Of the mass of the Federal army, Europe furnished a large proportion to America. The United States have used this material against the Confederacy until the latter is subdued. These *immigrants* came hither to fight, as they were deluded into believing, for the perpetuity of free institutions; that is, republican government. Both officers and men, by the restoration of peace, find their occupation gone. A short space for rest, and the force of habit and the restless activity of idle and vicious life, will demand again the excitement of war. They will not consent to remain at home to become again the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" and *may* seek the excitement and vagabond life they want, in first fomenting, then taking part in riots and more exaggerated disturbances than the one whereby the President was lately outraged at Indianapolis; and, finally, in armed strife between the political parties now so bitterly arrayed against each other in the North. The government and its antagonists feel that they are on a slumbering volcano. Its mutterings, even now, are heard. Another relentless war, confined to *one* section, is not among ridiculous improbabilities. That being the case, the government wants all useless, inflammable material out of the way. Its policy, then, is plain. Let them refuse to recognize Maximilian, if they will, but not declare war against him. They should simply encourage the late army to emigrate to Mexico, and covertly furnish Juarez means to pay and provide for them. The history of Texas shows the wisdom and *profit* of such a scheme.

And upon what ground can Europe consistently complain of this emigration plan? It comports both with the interests and cherished policy of this government, and is one it should instigate, encourage and insure; by it solving a double problem, viz: getting rid of Maximilian and the discharged army.

I repeat, upon what ground can Europe object? Has she not, while professing neutrality in the late struggle, furnished the North, during the four years of the war, with a host of fighting emigrants, who are estimated at not less than

one million men? If Europe has set this host in motion, is there any good reason why the United States should not bid it God-speed? If France, England and Germany sent this *canaille* against the Southern Confederacy, whom they recognized as a belligerent, entitled to enforcement of neutral obligations, may not the United States heave it, with equal justice, upon Mexico, and still be neutral? Can that be a hostile attitude in America, which was a neutral one in Europe?

We remember, bitterly, that it was not to the United States alone that the Southern Confederacy, in the end, succumbed; it was, also, to the whole of Europe. It was to France *added* to the allies of Waterloo, that Jefferson Davis—who unites to the will of Cesar, the purity of Cato, and the piety of the Antonines—abandoned his more than Paris. It was not to Grant that Robert E. Lee, the successor of Washington on the throne of history, delivered up a sword which had lighted to victory his war-tried veterans, on so many battle-fields, against incredible odds. It was to Louis Napoleon, Victoria, and the Dutch and German Princes. Not the overwhelming numbers of the United States only, but the refuse hordes of the combined world, were present when that immortal army, which had walked through Virginia, as the Apostles walked through Galilee, performing miracles, surrendered on the banks of the James. It was to universal Europe, that the "Army of Northern Virginia" laid down its arms, as a brave man full of dignity and inaccessible to fear, lays down his soul!

Thus Europe has, doubtless, been guilty of a grave blunder.—She has contributed one million of men to the cause of American aggression on this continent, and has yielded the principle that the United States, without abandoning the position of strict neutrality between the contending factions in Mexico, may, in turn, contribute this mass, and as many of her own citizens in addition as may choose to "emigrate," to the cause of republicanism in that distracted country.

But to bring this article, already too long, to a close—what has Maximilian lost by the defeat of the Southern cause? And why?

I have proved the necessity of a mighty barrier between his domain and the United States—a mightier one even, than mighty France, separated as she is by three thousand miles of ocean—by showing that the whole United States, (that is, the *actual* United States,) with an overwhelming unanimity never before witnessed upon any political question; a unanimity bursting from every populace, promulged from every press, echoed by every branch of the government—that the *whole power* of the country, is pledged to his expulsion. And beyond all peradventure, beyond all hope of redemption, *Maximilian has lost his Empire.*

But why? If the present aspect of affairs be so threatening, and the radicals so bent on driving the President to the wall, may there not be another war—more terrible than the French Revolution—inaugurated by the Extremists, and carried on, even to annihilating butchery, with Sumner or Stevens for its Robespierre, and Brownlow, the most depraved of polluted infidels, for its Danton? And then may not the French Emperor erect his barrier? No. When an alliance between Napoleon, Maximilian and President Davis would have saved the last two, Napoleon failed to make it; and when he might legitimately have claimed his inherent right to look after the fate, and aid in shaping the destiny of the great territory his uncle sold, he failed to do it. When he could have said: "If Texas has

no right to secede, or revolutionize, from the Union, she had none to secede from Mexico, and Maximilian's title is, at all events, of older record than Abraham Lincoln's or Andrew Johnson's," he failed to say it. When, at the last gasp, he *might* have poured new life into the feeble pulses of the South, and by seizing, with an iron hand, the last chance, even then have established his "balance of power" west of the Mississippi, he failed to seize it. Did he think there was not enough of the Confederacy left there to make a nation or an ally—forgetting that Texas alone is equal in area to France, and that England, his great predecessor's old foe, could be embraced by a single arm of the Mississippi, or set down in a chain of the Rocky Mountains, like a chapel in a church or an oratory in a chapel? Possibly.—But whatever he thought, he lost his opportunity—failed to seize it when he might, and when the South, too, could have reaped its good. The South, therefore, if deadly war in these States do come again, owes no debt of love to either Emperor, and to neither will she give her hand. The materials, therefore, for his barrier are gone, and the rolling flood from the United States will sweep Maximilian into the sea. How soon this will happen, depends, in a great degree, upon the internal affairs of this country. But happen it *must* and *will*—most probably very soon—unless His Mexican Majesty make an ungraceful virtue of an unavoidable necessity, and leave of his own accord. So in answer to the question, why has he lost? I reply, because his patron's shrewd cautiousness defeated its own designs, and "there is nothing so irretrievable as lost opportunities."

Napoleon the Third has been slumbering on the throne of the Cæsars. In presenting the career of Julius, he has forgotten the work of Augustus. While depicting the conquest of the Brittani, Germani and Galli of the anti-christian era, he permitted the subjugation of the nobler Romans of the South, by the Britons, Germans, Goths and Vandals of the nineteenth century, to the irretrievable detriment of his Austrian *protegé*. In fine, he has sunk the statesman in the annalist, and in writing history in Europe, has lost the opportunity of enacting it in America.

It was Julius who wrote: Augustus did not find time!

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

CHOIR.

Sing us a song for the Land we love!
O! Minstrel, sing us a song!
Sad as that of a mateless dove,
But make it not, Minstrel, long!

On his viol a master's* mother breathed
The latest sigh from her mouth—
Oh! thus on thy harp, in cypress wreathed,
Catch thou the breath of the South!

* Paganini.

But, Minstrel, if thou hast ever an art
To teach men to forget—
Reserve that strain for some other heart,
For the South would remember yet!

But touch not for her one vaunting chord,
Her sons would but *weep* at thy strain;
The dream of her pride was dispelled by the sword,
Her laurels encircle the slain!

The citron shall bloom in the orange-grove,
And the muscadine twine as of yore,
But her dear, darling dead, embalmed in her love,
Shall return for their fruit never more!

Then, tuning thy harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
'Neath a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Catch the breath of the South, like the spirit of God
Poured over thy trembling strings!

MINSTREL.

The Song of the South with her free flag furled!
My heart grows mute at the prayer!
For the anthem would trouble the heart of the world,
Like the song of a falling star!

And they should remember that 'twas not alone
'Gainst the odds of her Northern foe,
That she struck when the star of her victory shone,
Or sank in her hour of woe!

But the Teuton and Celt, from the Shannon and Rhine,
And the Northman from Ottawa's banks,
Came to barter their blood at Mammon's red shrine,
And filled up the enemy's ranks!

Kildare and O'Neal, these *sons* would ye call,
Who for gold in recreant bands,
The chains which are rusting in Erin's soul,
Have fettered on Southern hands!

Let the victory then, to the North remain,
And the shame to the Foreign Powers;
The South has enough, amid all her pain—
For the honor and glory are ours!

So I'll hang my harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
On a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Till the breath of the South, like the spirit of God,
Pour over my trembling strings!

PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

"Sine aqua omnia agricultura miserabile est, et sine effectu." So said Varro very many years ago.

Water is a compound of two gases. Two atoms, or volumes of hydrogen, one of oxygen.—These substances may continue in contact an indefinite period without union, but at the approach of a lighted candle, or an electric spark they combine with tremendous force, and loud explosion.—The union is a stable chemical combination. Oxygen is one of the constituents of the air we breathe; without its presence life would cease. It is the supporter of combustion, and that union of oxygen with carbon which takes place in the lungs is a moderate never ceasing combustion from which we derive the heat of our bodies.

Water is never found pure in nature. It is essential to all life as well vegetable as animal, and has been used as a fertilizer from the earliest days of which history speaks. A Hebrew poet in narrating the advantages God had given the people of the East says: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." "He watereth the hills from his chambers; and the laughing abundance by which the months are crowned in consequence of it.—The little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are also covered over with corn; they shout for joy: they also sing."

Year after year we hear of sufferings from the effects of drought. This very season arrangements are making to import corn from abroad, and for the want of rain the people are actually starving, and that in regions of this State so endowed by nature with running streams, undulating hills and valleys that every foot of cultivatable land could be made to "laugh at the abundance in consequence thereof."

The beneficial effects of irrigation was known and largely practised by the aborigines in the days of Montezuma; by the Aztecs in South America; by the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and from time immemorial by the Chinese, and largely practised by the Italians, the Germans, the English, &c. The only examples of systematic irrigation in the Southern States is that applied to the culture of rice.

Rain water comes to the earth charged with the fertilizing properties of the atmosphere. As we might conclude the first rain that falls is richer than that which comes down later; and as a consequence the air after a rain is much purer than it was previously.—Among the substances thus brought down by rain, dews and snow, the following stand prominent; dissolved oxygen (not to be confounded with that combined with hydrogen) held in feeble combination, producing chemical changes, when free oxygen would not, ammonia, nitric, phosphoric, and carbonic acids, salt, wafted from the ocean, together with organic, and mineral substances more or less minutely divided, and held in suspension.

Ammonia and nitric acid are considered the main purveyors of nitrogen to plants. Their existence in the atmosphere is a natural consequence of the decomposition of animal organisms in the air and upon the surface of the earth.—Phosphoric acid has a similar origin.

The sewerage water from cities, rich in fertilizing material, with but a limited number of excep-

tions, finds its way, (first polluting pure streams) to the ocean.—The two instances alluded to are the irrigation of meadows in the environs of Edinburg, in Scotland, from the sewerage waters of that city: and the more important undertaking to utilize the sewerage of a portion of the city of London. In the last instance, the water is carried to a distance of forty miles through iron conduits some 10 feet in diameter. In the course of the transit, it is twice raised the distance of 15 feet by steam power, to reservoirs from whence, by the natural slope of the country, it is led to a comparatively sterile land to be fertilized. Some ten millions of dollars have been expended in the operation, which it is confidently anticipated will prove to be a safe and remunerative investment, independent of the praiseworthy example of changing a constant and fruitful source of disease, and death, to another supply of healthful food to the starving many.

When water charged with fertilizers comes in contact with the earth, they enter into combination with the soil, there held prisoners, to be yielded up to the calls of vegetable vitality.

Thus waters are purified by filtration through the earth, which is one of nature's deodorizers and disinfectants.

On a compact soil, particularly where the slopes are precipitous, the water coming from rain, dews, and snow runs away, and the enriching ingredients are lost.—Where the soil is porous, their influences are retained; and to secure as much as possible of this rain of wealth, and to guard against the parching effects of an intense sun, deep plowing, and latterly subsoiling with under draining have been found to be economical operations. And thus another influence, which can not be over-rated for fertilizing effects is secured. Success has attended all and every instance where these methods have been practised.

The water percolates through the soil into the drains below and drives out the stagnant air, exhausted of its fertilizing ingredients, to be replaced again by these fertilizing agents: and these changes or replacements are as constant as are the changes of temperature.

When the soil is deeply cultivated, a reservoir is formed against the effects of continued want of rain. Besides, the presence of water, in the reservoir produced by deep culture, the soil is kept in an equable temperature, so important in all culture, for as the thermometer rises, evaporation increases and thus a balance is maintained.

Aeration, or the continued circulation of air through a porous soil, is a constant and ever present bath of fertilizers offered to the spongioles and tender food supplying fibres of vegetation.

Deep culture is an obstacle to, and prevents the ruinous washing away of the surface soil, or that portion upon which the Creator has bestowed such time, and attention for man's benefit. Shallow culture is a spoliation of national wealth. The proprietor at best is but a temporary guardian to use, and not to abuse.

This destructive short sighted practice of shallow culture has, and is producing results from which we may not recover in centuries. We are entailing poverty on our children and their children. If not changed the consequence must be depopulation. Lands once cultivated with so much profit had become scarce tenable with labor paid in advance. Now, since emancipation, it is questionable whether they will pay cultivation. One thing is clear, there must be a radical change or wholesale emigration will follow.

The amount of wealth, which has been lost to us by past practice, may be approximated by cal-

culating the cost of returning that which has been lost.

The soil has been valued (in the South) by the amount of money that could be extracted. That accomplished, it was abandoned to further waste—grass and roots and every impediment against further deterioration having been destroyed.

The usual considerations, which prevail among the educated of other civilized nations, do not appear to obtain here in this gifted land, which offers so many advantages to the agriculturist.

I am witness to the history of this country for now upwards of a quarter of a century, and attest to the same complaints of the effects of drought, then as now. Heedless of progress elsewhere, we have remained stationary. Whole neighborhoods—congregations assemble and offer up prayers to the Omniscient God for rain, that the whole order of nature should be subverted to make amends for their short comings. It would seem as if they were regardless of the silent chidings of a beneficent Creator.

This state of things would certainly change if we considered our inheritance, as it really is, a high destiny—a gift from the Creator of inestimable value, the basis of individual and national wealth—a parent from whose teeming womb we have sprung, and to whose bosom, we must certainly return—a friend in whom we can confide with lasting and unerring security—a friend that gives us never ending enjoyment, and occupation for our special profit—an investment on which we can rely for a return of interest ever increasing, commensurate with the intelligence which we expend in its improvement; an interest which increases in a geometrical ratio provided we supply its requirements. It imposes upon us a more intimate acquaintance with the All Wise, through his laws, and confident reliance on the future. Let us treat this our mother earth with the consideration it so merits. Let us study its wants and supply them. Let us treat it kindly as something we love, one from whose bounty we receive all that can be given us on earth; and when death approaches and we are about surrendering our bodies to its embrace, we can pass it to our children with a confidence in their future no other earthly inheritance offers.

Fertility is a point always approached but never reached, and sterility not the consequence of cultivation, but of the mode of cultivating.

Looking upon the past and present condition of the South, it is doubtful whether the welfare of the nation does not require other care than that heretofore given to the agriculture of the country.—High scientific instruction or Legislative interference, or both, might conduct to a goal other than that which is at the end of our present course.

To return, deep culture has an influence upon the frequency of rains. As the heat of the sun increases, more humidity rises, less heat is radiated. Clouds become more dense and with a change of wind, rain falls.

Sterility characterizes the parched and arid deserts of Sahara.—The loose earth and moving sand are fast invading the once fertile land where Joseph filled his brothers' sacks—land that once teemed with milk and honey.—The fertilizing influence of artificial irrigation formed a barrier to encroaching sands of the desert and sustained a population and civilization, according to Herodotus, of some thousands of years, once the pride, and now the wonder of the civilized world. The vast cities of the dead attest to the dense population and its duration. Luxor and the Pyramids are standing monuments of their art.

Even at the present day irrigation is practiced in the date region of the desert.

In most cases, where practicable, canals are cut in every direction, communicating with springs, which supply the oases. Where restriction is necessary, water having so much value, each proprietor pays so much an hour for the flow of a stream into his garden. The time is measured by an official whose duty it is to open and shut the conduit.

When a date tree or garden is to be established in the parched desert, the neighbors are called on to assist at the operation. The sand is removed to the depth of several feet, when water is found and the plant thrives. Frequently a trench is dug around every stem, at a proper distance, and into this, when necessary, water is poured, which keeps the roots moist. This irrigation is practiced by women and children, and the water carried in skins or plaited baskets, made out of the fibres of the date tree, so fine as to be water-tight.

In Italy large incomes are derived, by the proprietors of canals of irrigation, who collect tolls from cultivators, for a flow of water a specified time, by the day, the hour or the year.

It is generally supposed that the inorganic constituents of plants (the ash after incineration) are assimilated from solution. This, however, is not proved, nor does it appear necessary, since substances soluble or insoluble are assimilated in a state of atomic division. There is a power peculiar and inherent to plant vitality not yet explained. Lichens growing upon calcareous rocks (visibly impinging upon the smooth surface) extract lime which is shown by their ash. Under the first theory tables have been constructed to show the enormous quantity of water which would necessarily have to pass through a plant to give it skeleton or ash.

The figures in the following table will represent the number of parts of water necessary to be passed through the plants named in the first column on the left, to furnish those plants with one part of the element at the head of each column.

	Ash 1	Pot-ash 1	Soda 1	Lime 1	Magnesia 1	Phosphoric acid 1	Sulphuric acid 1	Silex 1	Nitrogen 1
Water for Wheat	3800	22700	145000	100700	142800	40500	394700	6000	77200
Water for rye	3900	18000		83300	150000	48400	214200	6780	77200
Water for oats	2400	10000	62500	33300	65217	48400	72100	5640	73300
Water for maize	5500	39500	28800	115300	62217	22700	375000	28100	74400

These numbers can at best be but approximations to the truth. It is known that plants take into their circulation and exhale, or give off, prodigious quantities of water. Under the above hypothesis, it is calculated that one hundred and thirty-three barrels of water would be necessary to supply rye, oats and wheat with one pound of phosphoric acid.

In the face of these theories, it is known that water containing fertilizing ingredients (whether organic or inorganic) yields them to the soil so long as the soil is not saturated with them, and that condition of things is seldom, if ever, attained.

The fertilizing qualities of the water of the Nile are known to us, from the gray dawn of history. So of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Rhine, the Mississippi and tributaries, *et omne genus*. But independent of these terrestrial arteries, there is not a spring-rill, however insignificant, or a wet weather flow, if made use of, that would not increase production.

Air, moisture, the rays of the sun, and earth, are the prime movers, the materials with which we have to work, upon which we have to depend, an inheritance given to us with life. Upon the manner they are used depends individual and national prosperity.

The direct rays of the sun are essential to animal as well as vegetable health, removed from them, one and the other, becomes debilitated and diseased. The colors of flowers, and the plumage of birds are more vivid in the tropics, and the reverse as you recede from them. The prolific exuberance of tropical vegetation is the theme of all travelers. It has been alleged as a reason why, with all their advantages, they have remained less populated and unprofitably luxuriant, the rapid growth of vegetation acting as a barrier to cultivation.

The rays of the sun are compounded of a union of heat, light and actinism, or that principle which produces chemical changes between the components of bodies. These effects are visible, but inexplicable. They may be due to an influence called latent light, and that peculiar allotropic condition of oxygen (a combination of that gas with electricity) ozone. That compound of a ponderable with an imponderable is a constant resultant of chemical change. Men of science are inclined to attribute to its agency, a powerful though occult influence upon vegetable vitality.

Chlorophyl, or that green coloring principle so characteristic of healthful vegetation, is not generated, and cannot endure without the direct rays of the sun. Deprive the earth of that vivifying influence and vitality sickens and dies.

The tyro on entering the threshold of chemical science learns the power of a cabbage leaf in decomposing. From carbonic acid under the influence of the sun's direct rays, carbon is appropriated, and oxygen liberated, wood fibre formed, and the air purified by the decomposition of a poisonous compound, which, if suffered to accumulate in the air, would bring death to the whole race of animated beings. Such are among the functions of plants under the action of the rays of the sun.

Celery is earthed up and thus blanched ; asparagus is white, tender and succulent, as it is cut below the surface. The long, slender, debilitated shoots of the potato, housed in cellars, bend in the direction of the greatest light, become vigorous and intense in color when exposed to the rays of the sun.

When seeds are planted deep, they refuse to germinate ; when thrown on the surface, exposed to the direct light of the sun or the diffused light of day, they germinate tardily and with difficulty, but when covered slightly with earth, to deaden the direct rays of light and heat, the actinic rays penetrate, and in the presence of moisture the plant comes forth more rapidly and vigorously.

Horticulturists have found, by long practice, what science has since revealed, viz : that plants thrive best under glass of a greenish yellow tint.

The powerful chemical action of the actinic rays of the sun is shown in the instantaneous combination of chlorine with hydrogen gas, when brought into their presence. The union is accompanied by loud explosion. In the presence of polarized or diffused light, the union takes place insensibly and without tumult.

The country bordering on the Orinoco and Amazon teem with gigantic growths of organic life, unsurpassed in vigor and luxuriance; whilst a corresponding portion of Africa is desolate and without a sign of vegetation.

This difference arises in the one instance from the frequent rains, which refresh and maintain an even salutary equilibrium between heat and moisture—a natural consequence of the configuration of the country. An atmosphere charged with humidity comes in contact with the snow capped Andes, the temperature is lowered and rain is the consequence. Here we have heat with moisture. In the Zahara, an absence of the latter—at the Poles an insufficiency of the former.

Heat is necessary to decompose organic matter. When the thermometer falls below 60 degrees Fahrenheit, fermentation ceases. With unerring and never failing punctuality plants shed their summer garb and go into a winter's sleep, and are again resuscitated by the return of the genial rays of the sun. As the summer wanes, the actinic rays are less active and plants by degrees cease to form woody fibre.

The remains of former inhabitants of a tropical climate are found almost intact on the icebergs of the North, with flesh, hair, &c., as if just dead. Yet these relics of a former creation have been imbedded in ice since that cataclysm which is back of all tradition, and which changed a tropical to a frigid zone.

The Orchidæ, or air plants of the tropics, go through all the stages of life from germination to ripening of the seed under the influences of moisture and heat, without contact with soil.

There are plants that are born, live and die under water. But there is no instance of living organism, which run the course of life below a certain degree of heat. It is a singular fact that vegetation ceases below a certain temperature, no cold however rigid destroys the germinating faculty of seeds.

In common with all those who have ordinary feelings of humanity, I deplore the sufferings which surround us on all sides, and very much fear that they will be greater before they are less. Food will not be made this year in this State to supply the requirements of life.

First and foremost let us credit these short comings to where they are due, and not blame the sun for shining too bright.

For the reasons adduced and others even more cogent and not necessary to mention, instead of visiting these effects by complaints against the course of nature it would be more becoming if we were thankful for a continuance of those blessings vouchsafed to us now as ever, for that same bright sun that fertilized the garden of our first parents. It may be permitted to doubt whether in the order of nature, and in the presence of remedies so simple and so largely provided, that these sufferings are not intended as penalties which become more and more aggravated, as we persevere in neglecting to learn and apply those laws which are the causes and which produce effects.

Air, water, earth and the sunbeam, are materials to be used.—They are compounded of other powers, each is endowed with certain fixed properties, and their actions the one upon the other are governed by laws inherent, fixed,

irrefragable. Application of those laws gives wealth and prosperity. To ignore them is followed by suffering and death. In our finite judgment, such is an interpretation of the ways of the Omniscient.

I am informed upon the highest authority that the first settlers of the country extolled the virgin fertility of this same land. At that period the soil was porous, and covered with rank vegetation, so porous that a walking cane might be easily thrust into the soil to the end, that a turkey could be followed all day by his track, that the pea-vines were so luxurious that they could be tied over a horse's back, that the lands were so famed for richness and fertility that roads leading to this Eldorado were lined with emigrants.—In those days, suffering from droughts and failures of crops was not heard of. Singular to relate, droughts do not affect low grounds, and only to a slight extent *certain* up lands.

It is written that "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," and I have seen the sweat pouring from an operative, who toiled with pick and mattock to force on plants in a clay so hard as to be almost as impenetrable to those implements, as it was impervious to air and water which God had provided and sent in vain.

Let us be thankful that the sun shines so bright and that it will continue to dispense untold blessings in accordance with Creative design, and particularly that we may learn their value and how to use our rich endowments.

That portion of the earth's surface, which is in immediate contact with the atmosphere owes its origin, like the subsoil, to the decomposition and disintegration of rocks. The former differs from the latter by a greater fertilization or amelioration from immediate contact with the atmospheric agents. All soils are compounds, some are mainly simple minerals and are comparatively poor or sterile. Instances, sand, (oxide of silicium.) Chalk, (carbonic acid and the oxide of calcium.) This latter substance is mainly formed of minute remains of fossiliferous organisms only visible through powerful magnifiers. I know of no instance where it is cultivated. The "downs" in England produce a short sparse grass upon which sheep are fed, but at best it is a poor pasture. An addition of sand to chalk or the reverse doubtless would ameliorate one or the other; but to form a fertile soil other ingredients would be requisite.—Again, a soil may have all the components necessary to fertility and yet be sterile from the presence of some noxious mineral, such as the sulphuret of iron which by decomposition gives rise to sulphuric acid and the protoxide of iron, both injurious or destructive to vegetation. Soils, then, are of infinite variety and fertility, according to the minerals of which they are composed. Chemical analysis is not competent to point out the cause of difference between two soils, one of which may have been impoverished by injudicious culture. Soils are improved by the addition of fertilizers, they may be organic or inorganic or both combined. They may act "*per se*" in offering direct assimilable food to plants, as for instance phosphates to turnips, &c., or perhaps fulfil a more important function, that of causing decomposition of the inert or combined constituents of the soil,

Substances, when they combine, lose certain distinctive properties and form substances entirely different in character; thus common table salt is composed of the acrid and caustic constituents, muriatic acid and caustic soda. So with lime: it is rendered effete when exposed to the air, and from being caustic becomes harmless as chalk or pulverized marble.

A fertile soil is one possessing free assimilable plant food, whether organic or inorganic; when these are not present there is no fertility, and the soil requires other treatment than what it has received to make it produce. These observations teach us how to value the much used term *exhaustion*.—Upon that subject we quote the apposite remarks of the distinguished authorities, Messrs. Gilbert and Lawes:

"Taking the average of forty-two analyses of fourteen soils, of very various descriptions, it was estimated that it would require, of ordinary rotation, with home manuring, and selling only corn and meat, about two thousand years to exhaust the potash, about one thousand years to exhaust the phosphoric acid, and about six thousand years to exhaust the silica found to be soluble in diluted hydrochloric acid, reckoning the soil to be one foot deep."

So long as there be soil or subsoil, ultimate exhaustion is a misnomer. Soils are recuperated by various practices. Manuring has been employed from all time.—Science and experience teach us that it is not indifferent to all crops as to how organic manures, at least, should be employed.

It has been long remarked that similar crops cannot be grown in succession as profitably as if different crops follow each other; hence the necessity of rotating.—By cultivating different crops, that food requisite to grow, for instance, wheat, would be brought into an assimilable form, from the decomposition of compounds. The same object is sought and attained by the practice of weathering, or naked fallow.

By shading or covering the soil with straw, clover, &c., by which heat and moisture are retained, and this causing fermentation, a condition favorable to the production of organisms, both vegetable and animal. The potent influence of organisms are evident by the formation of coral reefs, which surround the world; a similar operation progresses largely on the face of the earth, where the conditions are favorable. Recently charged with operations in the Trans-Mississippi, I had occasion to remark the formation of carbonate of soda, from the action of organisms on the muriate of soda, so common in that portion of the continent. On the Neches river, at the salines, the inhabitants collect the sand containing the carbonate and use it for bread making, &c.

The experiments of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Lois Weedon are suggestive and instructive.

Our condition is critical, our inheritance is in jeopardy, and we cannot expect to retain it without a radical change from the past; without a change we shall witness others prospering on portions of estates which we abandoned as *exhausted*. We want light. Civilization only advances through the sciences. Unless we keep pace with others, in that respect, we shall stand as a mark for contrast. If we endure, if we retain our possessions, it will be done through those laws with which we have either had little acquaintance or neglected to apply.—Multiply schools of science; make them gratuitous, and thus give opportunity for their acquirement, and application will follow. If the advantages should not be availed of, (which I very much doubt,) then lay a tax upon ignorance.

Science will open up new avenues for profitable occupation to individuals, which will redound to the power of the State; resources now lying dormant will give occupation and wealth to unborn millions.

(Selected.)

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY COL. WM. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A., PRISONER OF WAR, CAMP CHASE, O.

At the trumpet's blast, the gates flew wide, and thousands packed the court:
Before the Roman lords that day, the captives furnished sport;
The sun's broad orb went up the sky and tipped the scene with gold,
And far beyond the Claudian way, the yellow Tiber rolled.

The Gladiators first in strife, their glittering weapons crossed,
And furious then in mortal surge, the waves of conflict tossed,
Strong men were there, whose children played by Danube's sluggish tide,
And those, whose homes lay sweet and fair along the Taurus' side.

The fierce-eyed tigers, of the Lybian wild, leaped forth into the cirque,
And spotted leopards, lithe and strong, began their horrid work,
And howls of pain and yells of wrath filled all the trembling air,
While Roman knights applauded loud, and smiled the Roman fair.

At length the Herald far proclaimed, the last best scene of all,
And led a Christian martyr forth, in fetters' grievous thrall;
No youth with form of manly strength—no feeble, gray-haired sire—
A soft-eyed maiden, sweet and pure, to whet a lion's ire.

She stood—her timid glance cast down, and trembling like a fawn,
Which baying hounds, and hunters rude, surround at hour of dawn;
One white hand slowly lifted up the cruel, wearing chain,
And one pressed close her beating heart, suffused with grief and pain.

She thought of home and peaceful joys; her father strong and proud;
Her mother, clinging, faithful soul—by weight of misery bowed;
Her sisters, and her brothers fond; of one, she would not speak,
But, at the slightest thought of him, a blush o'erspread her cheek.

And so they neared the monster's den, with triple iron bound;
Through all the spectacles, his might, with bloodiest triumph crowned,
White his large teeth, and stark and red his yawning dreadful throat,
His eyes, with greed afire, were turned on his new prize to gloat.

He rose and shook his shaggy mane, and clamored at his door,
The far off hill-tops echoed loud his deep resounding roar;
So in the Nubian waste he looked, when roused by foe for fight,
'Twas such a glance and such a roar, as filled their souls with fright.

They loosed her chains and left her there, in all her maiden grace,
While star-like Heavenly FAITH lit up her fair and modest face.
The rusted hinges turned, and forth the brute in fury sprung,
His lips all flecked with wrathful foam, and swelled his lolling tongue.

The breathless thousands rose to see that youthful martyr die:
But oh! what magic spell is that, whose lustre fills her eye!
Her sweet lips part, her full heart throbs, her beauteous hands are raised;
The cruel beast forgets his wrath, before that look amazed.

She kneels—and on the yielding sand, her rounded form sinks low,
Down in her soul, the maiden prays unto her God—and lo!

The pure appeal is borne on high, by watching angels fleet;
And now the humbled lion comes and crouches at *her* feet.

Her little hand is softly laid upon his tawny mane,
Her tender eyes are wet with tears, like rose-buds after rain;
The watching courtiers shake the ring with thunderous acclaim,
But her weak lips can only shape, her heavenly Father's name.

The Emperor rose in purple state and bade his minions bear
The ransom'd maiden forth again, to freedom's grateful air,
And stately Priests their rights ordained within the templed grove,
Ascribing praise to Juno fair and to Olympian Jove.

So let the Church in these dark days, stand bravely at her post,
Though cruel wars and strife abound and Satan leads his host,
They gnash their lion fangs at her, but ah! they gnash in vain,
For God will send his armies down to save and to sustain.

And in some gracious coming time, her banner white shall be,
The truest badge of might sublime that waves the land or sea,
And war's red-letter'd creed die out, beneath her flowers of spring;
And where our martyrs fight and bleed, their babes shall sit and sing.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER I.

MARRIED.

"Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder!" The words, always impressive, were delivered with a peculiar emphasis, which imparted an unusual solemnity to them, and the fingers of the white-robed priest lingered above the clasped hands of the figures before him, as if he would call down upon them an especial blessing.

Singularly ill-matched did those figures seem; so much so, as to exclude almost the possibility of the existence of anything like a union.

The groom, a young man of about twenty-three, was in the full flush of manhood, and the possession of a style of beauty as rare as it was remarkable. Yet on his features, still wearing the extreme delicacy of early youth, there was a look of weariness, jaded satiety and scorn for himself and the world, strangely at variance with the youthful appearance, and resultant on a long course of selfish pleasures, having no higher aim than the enjoyment of the passing moment. Looking at him as he stood with barely disguised impatience, a disdainful smile curving the corners of his classic mouth, and distending his delicate nostrils, one was forcibly reminded of a young war horse, champing at the necessary bonds which were imposed upon him.

It seemed a mockery of terms to apply the word "bride" to the slight, shrinking figure, clinging to his arm, and looking, in her ill-fitting traveling dress of dark merino, more like some unformed girl on her way to boarding school, than a woman taking upon herself

the vows by which the fate of her life was decided.

She was, in reality sixteen years of age, but a natural delicacy of constitution, added to the fact of having spent nine years in the miasmatic air of a Louisiana plantation, had so dwarfed her figure and stunted her growth that she might have passed for a child not over twelve. The impression produced by her figure was still further confirmed by her face and manner. She was so agitated by her position, and the flood of new and strange emotions by which she was possessed, that her sallow skin was suffused with an unearthly pallor, which extended even to her trembling lips, while her eyes, of immense size, stared in the face of the minister before her, with the wild, frightened look we see in a newly captured animal, in which native wildness is combined with a dawning fear of its captors.

So far as any personal part in the ceremony was concerned, she might as well have been absent, or only a looker on. The minister had repeated, on her part: "I Camille, take thee Loui," and then waited to hear her enunciate the sentence; but he would as soon have had a response from the lips of some marble statue; and so her part in her marriage was a mere nullity.

At last it was over, and the clergyman, after shaking the hand of the passive bride, with an air more indicative of pity than of any more genial feeling, uttered a few polite platitudes, wished the young couple a pleasant journey, and then proceeding to the vestry room, took off his surplice and buried himself among the books of his library, in whose congenial society he soon lost all remembrance of marrying and giving in marriage.

The only spectators of the ceremony—an old and withered specimen of the genus attorney, with highly glazed eyes and a nose which seemed formed by nature for the express reception of the snuff with which he kept it liberally supplied, his clerk, and a tall mulatto woman wearing a brilliant head-handkerchief, with the picturesque grace which seems peculiar to her race—now left their stations and approached.

The lawyer muttered a few sentences of stereotyped commonplace, and then, with the all-powerful word "business," drew the arm of the groom within his, and followed by the clerk, walked through an aisle which led to the vestibule, and soon plunged himself and his companion into the contents of a mass of papers.

The young girl stood on the bottom step of the flight leading to the chancel, and slightly shivering, drew her mantle around her with a half subdued sigh, which, under the circumstances, was very touching.

"I give you joy, Miss Camille, Madame La Fronde, I should say," said the mulatto approaching the bride, and speaking in a constrained voice; "but I wish your father had been 'live to give you away to Mas' Loui."

A sudden flush reddened the girl's whole face, while the corners of her mouth worked convulsively, and with a low moan she sank down on the step and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't, Miss Camille. You'll jest swell your eyes up and make them red and ugly, and if there is anything in this world Mas' Loui likes, its a pretty lady. What'll he do with a ugly wife?"

"Oh! Fifine," was the low, passionate reply; "everything seems so strange. I am frightened, and so lonely and unhappy, when I think of papa!"

"Well, it's too late to be frightened now, and you ought to ha' thought about being unhappy before you let mademoiselle marry you to Mas' Loui before you'd seen him a week."

"She told me he loved me dearly, but was too diffident to tell me so," said Camille simply, glancing up in the face of her yellow comforter with a look, which said the latter assertion settled the matter.

"Umph!" was the expressive reply. "Mademoiselle would say it was so, if she wanted it to be so! but as to Mas' Loui's being shamefaced and not asking for what *he* wanted! Well, *I* never hearn of it, and I nursed him ever sence he was born, till his father sent him from Belle Esp'rance to Paris!—But, Miss Camille, they're coming back, so please stand up and let me try and smooth your dress; it's all rumpled, and Mas' Loui is so particular about ladies' dresses."

Camille rose and stood submissively while Fifine's skillful fingers endeavored to repair the disorder visible in her dress; then when Mr. La Fronde and the lawyer approached, quietly accepted the arm of the former and proceeded with him to the carriage, which stood waiting.

Very sombre did it look looming up dimly through the gray of the early winter morning, and taken in connection with the long whip in the hand of the motionless driver, and the manes and tails of the horses which streamed in the mist with a whimsical resemblance to the long moss pendant from the encircling trees, it presented a weird and funereal picture, well in keeping with surrounding objects.

Mr. La Fronde handed in his bride and took a seat beside her, while Fifine found a place opposite, and the carriage rolled softly away, followed by another in which the lawyer and his clerk found ample accommodations.

A drive of a half mile brought them to a high fence of iron work extending on each side of a kind of porter's lodge, once well built and substantial, but now so much dilapidated and out of repair, as to present rather the appearance of a picturesque ruin than any thing else.

It was the entrance to a large enclosure, well planted with trees of native growth, through whose depths a broad road led up to the door of the mansion.

Perched up on the rough home-made gate, which did duty in place of the highly ornamented and Frenchily emblematic one, which had fallen a victim to damp air and luxuriant vegetation, sat a negro boy. He was in full enjoyment of the acme of happiness in the opinion of his age and color, and which, according to a song reported to have originated during the Presidency of General Jackson, was, in conjunction with the act of eating molasses candy, accounted one of the legitimate delights of that, then, high office.—Ceasing his swinging, he sprang to the ground, and exerting his whole force on the gate, threw it open with a harsh and grating noise that jarred most dismally on sensitive ears; then taking off his old straw hat, he stood with it under his arm, grinning to such an extent that every one of his huge white teeth was distinctly visible.

A few moments more and the carriage stopped at the door of a large and once handsome house, built with considerable pretension to taste; that is, if it can be accounted a specimen of taste to imitate the marble magnificence of Versailles in stucco and mortar. The party descended from the carriages and crossing the weather-stained portico, walked through a long, gloomy looking passage, and entered a large apartment at its extremity.

Like every thing else about the premises, the furniture of this room told of former prosperity and present decay; fashioned in the Renaissance style and composed of rich materials, its faded colors and thread-bare draperies bore but a ghost-like resemblance to their original splendor.

In an angle formed by a large folding screen covered with well worn India tapestry sat a lady, confined as it seemed, in a chair of highly complicated machinery, rendered necessary by a very apparent deformity, which developing, itself in early life had increased, as she advanced in years and consigned her to the state of a confirmed invalid.

The enforced idleness of body consequent upon this painful affliction, had produced the effect of quickening her mind to a double amount of activity. So much so indeed, that even a stranger might infer the fact from the rapid and intelligent glances, which she shot continually from her bright, bead-like eyes and the nervous manner in which she kept her hands engaged as if in a kind of perpetual motion.

Traces of a beauty which must have been very great in her youth, still existed, and despite her faded dress of an obsolete fashion, her emaciated figure and deformity, there was about her an air of elegance and aristocratic refinement, which stamped her as a lady of high birth and breeding.

"I have counted the moments till thy return Loui," she said as he approached her chair with Camille on his arm, the vivacity of her manner no less than the exquisite accent of her French attesting her nationality.

"How long it seemed!—Little bride, thy future is assured—come that I give thee thy first kiss as madame. Loui, *mon cher*, I make thee my congratulations on thy happiness!"

"I am glad that you consider it a subject of felicitation," was the cool reply with the slightest possible accent on the second pronoun.

"Of course—of course," responded the old lady quickly. "A day of days this, which sees the two remaining branches of the old family joined in happiness and union. Fifine, call Joseph—let the wine placed in bottles and laid away the night Monsieur was born, be brought. Summon the servants and let all the household drink health and *bon voyage* to the newly married."

Fifine left the room and the animated lady continued. "All is arranged Monsieur Sampson? That is well—my nephew will forgive your withdrawing him from his bride in consideration of the necessity for such removal. Mr. Robbins, approach our group; on a day so auspicious we lay aside all distinctions of rank!"

The individual thus condescendingly addressed, who had not joined the party gathered around the chair of mademoiselle La Fronde, simply because he found himself very comfortable where he had first stationed himself, was made dimly conscious that some difference of rank which he had never previously imagined, might possibly be considered to exist, between himself and the family at Belle Espérance. In consequence of such perception, he became possessed of a feeling of undefined wrath, which invested his manners with a greater amount of awkwardness than nature, a prodigal parent in this respect, had bestowed upon him.

"Camille," continued mademoiselle La Fronde, whose nervous energy of feeling seemed to render it impossible for her to remain silent, "a child no longer, thou wilt look back to the days of childhood with more loving eyes than greeted them as they passed!"

The eyes thus alluded to, said it was just possible that the speaker might be mistaken, but their owner made no reply and the old lady continued her speech.

"Weary of the delights of Paris, thy thoughts will often turn to the desolation, as thou callest it now, of Belle Espérance, and what at present seems to thee but gloom and dullness will then appear as peace and rest!"

The large eyes of the young girl timidly sought those of her husband as if in wonder that such things as cares, regrets or gloom could possibly exist in a life shared with him. Perhaps she half hoped for a responsive and appreciative glance; if so she was sadly disappointed.

He was leaning listlessly on one corner of the large mantel piece, the contour of his faultless figure thrown into full relief, moodily biting a finger of his white glove while he gazed up at a portrait of some beauty of the La Fronde family, who, painted in the style of Boucher, smiled in her canvass loveliness, alike on all beholders.

In due time Joseph made his appearance carrying in his venerable hands the precious bottles, which he would consign to no meaner charge.

Fifine followed him holding a silver salver on which was placed a number of those antique Venetian glasses, clear as air and almost as thin, which are popularly supposed under certain circumstances to display a prophetic intimation of the, then, impending danger to those who drink from them.

Joseph, with the care of a connoisseur about to unveil some priceless treasure, removed the dust and cobwebs, which for twenty-three years had gathered about the sealed bottles, and drawing the cork of one of them, proceeded to fill the glasses while the rich aroma of its contents diffused itself through the room.

"Time presses," said mademoiselle glancing towards the clock, which copied from the celebrated one of Madame Du Barry, ticked softly on the mantle piece.

"Joseph, thou who sealedst these bottles on the night thy young master was born, fill for thyself and the others and unite in drinking to his health and happiness—

All are ready?—Now, then—your glass Loui—yours Camille—so—click them to mine. We three stand here the last representatives of a great and noble race.—My children, your happiness.—Drink!"

Camille, who held her glass tightly in her slender fingers, raised it to bring it into contact with that of her husband. Either the coldness of the morning, or her own agitation made her hand unusually tremulous, for the glass shook and clattered as if about to fall. In her eagerness to prevent this, she grasped it so hard that the fragile crystal shivered in her fingers and the rich wine, mingled with a still richer fluid, ran down her dress and gathered in a little pool on the carpet at her feet.

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed Mademoiselle in unaffected dismay.

"Bah!" muttered her nephew with all the force that can be concentrated into that expressive and contemptuous monosyllable.

"*Absit omen!*" feebly ejaculated the lawyer, as he stooped mechanically to pick up the shining fragments which lay gleaming on the floor.

"But, madame," he continued, "you have cut your hand, see, it is bleeding; it must hurt you; will you not allow your maid to dress it?"

"No," she said, with a proud, pained air, as she wrapped her handkerchief around her fingers, from which the blood was still dripping, "it was not the glass that hurt me."

Further notice of the accident was prevented by a peremptory message from the hired driver, that if the party wished to reach the river in time for the New Orleans boat, they must leave at once. A hurried farewell ensued. Mademoiselle La Fronde embraced Camille in the fervid French style, whispered a few hurried words in her ear, and then turned to her nephew with an air of more genial feeling than she had exhibited to his wife.

"Loui, mon bien aimé," she whispered, "thy heart is good, though sorely led astray by thy will; show its goodness to that child; cherish her; be kind to her; remember—"

"Ca ira," was the light reply. "Be tranquil, my aunt, the little one shall have toys and trinkets to her heart's content; everything but love. I have no intention of bestowing that rich treasure on any woman except—your dear self."

He bent down over her feeble form, laid his handsome face on her shoulder, and kissed her, then walked rapidly after the party which had already reached the carriage.

Taking a ceremonious leave of the lawyer and his clerk, he said frank good byes to the servants, shook hands cordially with Joseph and Fifine, and seating himself by the side of his pale bride, was driven quickly away.

SUPPRESSED PART OF GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

General S. Cooper, *Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.*

Before entering upon a narration of the general military operations in the presence of the enemy on the 21st of July, I propose,—I hope not unreasonably—first to recite certain events which belong to the strategy of the campaign, and consequently form an essential part of the history of the battle.

Having become satisfied that the advance of the enemy with a decidedly superior force, both as to numbers and war equipage, to attack or turn any position in this quarter was immediately impending, I dispatched on the 13th of July one of my staff, Col. James Chesnut, of South Carolina, to submit for the consideration of the President a plan of operations substantially as follows:

I proposed that General Johnston should unite, as soon as possible, the bulk of the army of the Shenandoah with that of the Potomac, then under my command, leaving only sufficient force to garrison his strong works at Winchester, and to guard the five defensive passes of the Blue Ridge, and thus hold Patterson in check. At the same time, Brigadier General Holmes was to march hither, with all of his command not essential for the defence of the position of Acquia Creek. These junctions having been effected at Manassas, an immediate impetuous attack of our combined armies upon General McDowell was to follow, as soon as he approached my advanced position at and around Fairfax Court House, with the inevitable result, as I submitted, of his complete defeat, and the destruction or capture of his army. This accomplished, the army of the Shenandoah under General Johnston, increased with a part of my forces, and rejoined as he returned, by the detachment left to hold the mountain passes, was to march back rapidly into the valley, fall upon and crush Patterson, with a superior force, wheresoever he might be found. This, I confidently estimated, could be achieved within fifteen days after General Johnston should march from Winchester for Manassa.

Meanwhile I was to occupy the enemy's works on this side of the

Potomac, if, as I anticipated, he had been so routed as to enable me to enter them with him, or if not, to retire again for a time within the lines of Bull Run with my main force. Patterson having been virtually destroyed, then General Johnston would reinforce General Garnett sufficiently to make him superior to his opponent, (General McClellan) and able to defeat that officer. This done, General Garnett was to form an immediate junction with General Johnston, who was forthwith to cross the Potomac into Maryland, with his whole force, arouse the people as he advanced, to the recovery of their political rights, and the defence of their homes and families from an offensive invader, and then march to the investment of Washington, in the rear, while I resumed the offensive in front. This plan of operations, you are aware, was not acceptable at the time, from considerations which appeared so weighty, as to more than counterbalance its proposed advantages. Informed of these views, and of the decision of the War Department, I then made my preparations for the stoutest practicable defence of the line of Bull Run, the enemy having developed his purpose, by the advance on, and occupation of Fairfax Court House, from which my advance brigade had been withdrawn.

The War Department having been informed by me, by telegraph on the 17th of July, of the movement of General McDowell, General Johnston was immediately ordered to form a junction of his Army Corps, with mine, should the movement in his judgment be deemed advisable. Gen. Holmes was also directed to push forward with two regiments, a battery, and one company of cavalry.

SHAKSPEARE AT HILTON HEAD, 1865-6.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *On Beaufort Island.*

Enter GONZALEZ, (*Redpath.*) SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle ———
And were the king on't, what would I do?
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of *service*,
Of riches or of poverty; no *contracts*,
Successions, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No occupation—*all men idle*, all;
And *women* too.
All things in common, nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor; *treason*, felony,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed *my innocent people*.
Sebastian. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Antonio. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, (*Freedman,*) *with* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO, (*Emancipators.*)

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot; I prithee, be my god!
I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.
Trin. Come on then; down and *swear.*
Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.
Thou wondrous man!
[*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master: get a new man,
Freedom! hey-day freedom! hey-day freedom!

ACT V.

SCENE. I. *Before the office of the "Blessed Bureau."*

Enter CALIBAN, *after "sober second thoughts;"*

Cal. (Soliloquizing.) —— What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

GUANO.

Guano is a Peruvian word which signifies "manure." The substance of this manure is known to be derived chiefly from the excrements of sea-birds, which has accumulated for centuries, upon certain unfrequented islands and rocky shores, where these birds congregate, in immense numbers, to lay their eggs, and hatch, and raise their young. A large amount also of the bones and flesh of seals, and other aquatic animals, as well as of the eggs, feathers and bodies of the sea-birds themselves, has, no doubt, in many cases, been imbedded in the accumulatory mass, from age to age. Humboldt, who, in 1806, first directed the attention of the scientific world to the nature and value of this substance, tells us that the deposit amounts, in some places on the coast of Peru, to as much as fifty or sixty feet in depth; and one visitor informs us that, even now, so thick are the gulls, pelicans and cormorants which gather upon some of these desolate islands, that the traveler is compelled to use a stick in making his way through them. The guano thus formed is sometimes a pulverulent mass, the recent deposits of which are white,

passing into a light fawn yellow, and then to a darker brown, as you descend, till the lower strata become of a rusty red color—such are the varieties of Peruvian guano. At other times, it is found as a granulated substance which, by chemical changes not well understood, has become crusted over with a compact enamel-like covering; or the whole mass may be so solidified as to require to be quarried, like rock, and afterwards ground into powder before it is used; of this kind are the Columbian varieties from Monk's Island, El Roque, and other places. Sometimes, also, the deposits, during the lapse of centuries, have become buried beneath the drifted sands of the sea, and must be exhumed for the market; at other times, geologic changes seem to have taken place since the deposition, by which the surface on which it rests has become elevated into peaks hundreds of feet high. Facts like these give us some hint of the immense periods during which these deposits have been forming. For at least six hundred years, guano has been known and valued by the Peruvians—so valued that penal enactments by their monarchs, made it a capital offence to destroy the birds that formed it. But, notwithstanding this great antiquity, the history of guano, both in this country and Europe, dates back but a few years. From its first introduction to the scientific world, by Humboldt, it remained only a curiosity of the laboratory till about twenty-six years ago, when the first experiments were made upon twenty barrels, imported to test its agricultural value. From that date, it has grown rapidly into favor throughout the civilized world, till now hundreds of thousands of tons are consumed annually upon the products of the soil.

The different varieties of guano, offered in the markets of this country, vary greatly in their qualities and value. Their age, the character of the climate in which they are formed, and the chemical changes through which they have passed, all exert a modifying influence. The upper or more recent layers are always the richer and more valuable, because, even under the most favorable circumstances, some of the nitrogenous compounds must undergo decomposition as time wears away, and thus lose some portion of their volatile elements, which, in ammoniacal manures, constitute the most valuable portion. The climate, too, if damp,—subject to frequent rains or heavy dews—likewise promotes fermentation, and the consequent loss of ammoniacal gases; or, the guano itself may, by a leaching process be deprived of much, if not all, of its soluble constituents. By peculiar chemical changes some of the Columbian varieties have been rendered hard and stone-like, and are found to contain scarcely a trace of ammonia, while the richer Peruvian kinds have more than fifty per cent. of the salts of that substance.

These facts show that it is not sufficient to be sure that you have a genuine, unadulterated article, when you purchase guano; you should know its exact quality, and though this information cannot be certainly obtained without the chemist's aid, yet a few simple tests may help to guard us against gross impositions. The following observations, by Prof. Johnston, may assist in forming a practical judgment:

"1. The drier the guano the better—there is less water to pay for and to transport.

2. The lighter the color the better; it is less completely decomposed.

3. If it has not a strong ammoniacal smell, it ought to give off such a smell when a spoonful of it is mixed with a spoonful of slacked lime in a wine glass.

4. When put into a tumbler with water, stirred well about, and the water and fine matter poured off, it ought to leave little sand or stones.

5. When heated to redness in the air till all the animal matter is burned away, the ash should nearly all dissolve in dilute muriatic acid. The insoluble matter is useless sand or earthy adulterations.

6. In looking at a published analysis of a Peruvian guano, those representing the water should be small; the organic matter containing ammonia should approach to fifty or sixty per cent.; the phosphates should not much exceed twenty per cent., and the common salt and sulphate of soda ought not to form much more than five or six per cent. of the weight of the guano."

The following table, compiled from several authors, will show the varying composition of different kinds of Guano:

	Peruvian.	Bolivian	Chilian	Patagonian.	Ichaboe.	Saldanha bay.
Water.....	13.09	15.79	15.09	24.36	16.71	18.35
Ammoniacal salts...	53.17	56.09	12.88	18.86	46.61	22.14
Phosphates	23.54	15.13	16.44	41.37	22.40	50.22
Alkaline salts	4.63	6.81	6.04	2.70	12.92	5.78
Carbonate of lime...	4.18	0.15	8.93	2.94	0.27	1.49
Sand..	1.39	6.03	40.62	7.56	0.52	2.02

Guano being like common barnyard manure, an animal product, like it, also, contains all the elements essential to vegetable growth, and is, therefore, suited to almost every variety of plant, and every condition of soil. The history of its use, however, furnishes us with many discouraging examples in which the laborious farmer, after all his toil and expense, has found that he had labored for nought. The fields, to which his guano had been applied, instead of the abundant harvest for which he had confidently hoped, yielded no perceptible increase beyond the ordinary product. Sometimes, too, even after a most vigorous early growth which gave promise of the richest results, his plants began to droop, perhaps to die, and his crop not only did not yield him an ordinary return for his labor, but was cut off in the midst of the season, and failed to restore even the seed which he planted.

It is not strange, therefore, that the mass of prudent and calculating farmers should, under such circumstances, have, at first, been slow to invest their hard-earned capital in so doubtful a speculation. But this doubt is now passed away; the chances no longer seem equally balanced between success and failure. Guano has established its claim, beyond all controversy, to the confidence and patronage of the agricultural classes, and the only question now to be settled is how to get the most of it, and how to make the most out of it when gotten. Increased knowledge, derived from protracted experience, under every variety of circumstance, has shown us that guano is a powerful agent, and that our former failures oftener resulted from our own ignorance of the unusual strength and value of the article, than from any lack of fitness in itself to serve as a manure for any of the various crops to which it was applied. In the light of this wider experience, we can now see that, when we failed, it was either because we allowed the guano to come into contact, in a too concentrated state, with the tender roots of the growing plants,

by which they were corroded, and the plants themselves seriously injured, if not utterly destroyed; or because we had applied it alone in such small quantities—and all within the immediate reach of the young plant, so that it only stimulated the first stages of its development, and produced a luxuriance, in its early growth, which could not be sustained after the guano became exhausted; or, it may be, we had applied it as a top-dressing to our lands, in a time of drought, when the heat of the parching sun was sufficient to expel all of its volatile and valuable elements; or possibly we covered it too deep, and the washing rains carried it still lower into a porous subsoil, entirely beyond the reach of the growing crop; or, as is equally probable, the guano may have been only a spurious, adulterated article, of scarcely more value than a "wooden nutmeg." How, then, are these evils remedied? In the first place, we must be sure that we have a genuine article by obtaining it only from reliable dealers.

In the second place, we must guard against its corroding power by thoroughly mixing it with the soil by ploughing, if it be scattered broad-cast on the land, or by properly composting it with absorbent materials, if it is to be applied by hand to the seed, or the growing crop. The materials best suited for this composting process are gypsum and powdered charcoal, or if these cannot be obtained, dry earth or vegetable mould will serve as a good substitute. A convenient method for producing the mixture is to spread the guano an inch thick upon a floor, and over this spread evenly a layer of the other materials 3 or 4 inches thick, and then another layer of guano, and so on, alternating the layers till the whole is composted, after which cover the pile with the absorbent matter, and allow it to stand for several days in order that the ammonia may permeate the mass. The lumps, which we find in the guano while thus preparing it, should be carefully removed by hand, and separately crushed before it is added to the compost pile. The sifting and stirring, sometimes recommended in order thoroughly to mix the materials, is objectionable, as it promotes the escape of ammonia, and, besides, it is unnecessary as, when arranged as above described, the removal of the mass for application to the field, and the after process of ploughing, will sufficiently commingle the component parts. This preparation of the guano, by mixing it with absorbent matter, is of much importance in whatever way we would apply it to the crop;—it promotes economy by saving the volatile elements of the manure which are absorbed; it dilutes the guano, and thus prevents its too caustic action on the tender roots; it promotes the more even distribution on the soil, and renders the whole mass more pleasant to handle. It should never be neglected.

As a third precaution in the use of guano, we must see to it that our soil be rich enough, either by nature, or by the addition of sufficient farm yard manures, or by the quantity employed of the guano itself, to sustain the plant throughout the season in the vigorous growth, which the use of guano produces. It is from the neglect of this precaution, that our crops, which have been manured with any of the concentrated fertilizers, often fail as the season advances, because they have consumed the *homeopathic* dose deposited at their roots, and then the patient dies, not from the action of the food, but from the want of it—*starved to death*. This explains why some believe that guano will not do *alone* on *poor land*, and why all agree, that it is best applied with other more sluggish manures, as stable compost; for the prompt and energetic ac-

tion of the one gives to the crop an early development, pressing it rapidly forward beyond the attacks of insects and other influences to which it is specially exposed in the young and tender state, while the other, more sluggish in its action, continues to decompose slowly and furnishes its strength to the plants, in the later stages of their growth. By this combination also, the costly guano may be economized, as only one half the quantity of each manure will then be necessary.

When guano is in sufficient abundance, it would always be best, if convenient, to spread it broad-cast and thoroughly incorporate it with the soil, by ploughing and harrowing, in order that the little rootlets, which usually pervade every inch of the adjacent earth for several feet in all directions, may each find in its path some portion of the rich nutriment, and contribute its quota to the growth and vigor of the parent stalk. If, however, the quantity is small, and the soil good, and especially if other manures have been abundantly used, guano will be applied with the best results directly to the plant itself, in the composted state above described. That guano, when judiciously applied, on the principles announced, is not injurious, even on the poorest soil, is antecedently probable, if we consider the fact that it is an animal manure containing just what the plant wants, and what the poor soil is unable to give: but we are not left to inference merely. Travelers tell us that, in many places, the Peruvian soil is *entirely destitute of organic matter*, and yet from the days of the Incas until now, for hundreds of miles along the coast, the inhabitants have depended almost exclusively upon this fertilizer. Their method of application is to place it near the roots of the young plants, and then cover it with soil.

The quantity of guano proper to be used so varies with its quality, as well as the nature of the crop, the condition of the soil, and the character of the climate, that details would be tedious.

From most of the field and garden plants, good results have been obtained, in this country, by the application of from 1 cwt. to 5 cwt. per acre—perhaps 250 lbs. would be a good average.

Mr. Fleming, of Scotland, applied 400 lbs. to Irish potatoes, and increased his crop from 5½ tons to 13½ tons per acre,—nearly trebling the yield: by the use of five hundred pounds he also increased his turnips from twelve and a half tons to thirty two tons per acre.—Such results as these need no comment.

Guano may be applied to corn, by dropping in the furrow where each plant is to grow, a small handful of guano-compost (making about a tablespoonful of pure guano) and then, with the foot, brushing a little earth over it, before the seed is deposited upon it. For cotton, from two to three cwt. per acre, of good Peruvian guano, well composted, may be deposited in the furrow with the seed, at the time of planting. The cereal crops, the roots of which do not descend far into the earth, require the guano to be only lightly harrowed in, that their roots may readily reach it; and when these, or the grasses are top-dressed, the guano should be applied when the weather is damp, and if possible, just before a rain, so that the soluble portions may be carried down directly to the roots, before the hot sun has expelled its gaseous elements.

These general principles, at which we have now hinted, of course, lead out, in their application, to an infinite variety of details, which modified by circumstances beyond our control, must be left to the prudence and good sense of every practical farmer.—And it is best so; we would not have it otherwise. God thus

teaches us our dependence on Him: and who more than the farmer should feel this dependence.—The success of all his daily duties depends upon agencies which he cannot control—the air, the earth, sunshine and storm, obey alike and alone the Divine behest. And how beautifully does our subject illustrate God's goodness to the farmer! He sent his ravens once to feed the prophet, but He has been sending his *sea-birds* from an unknown antiquity, to regions otherwise useless, to store away for us there, rich treasures of fertilizing matter, to crown our fields with fatness, and fill our barns with plenty. Everywhere He surrounds the farmer: in everything let the farmer's heart ascend in gratitude to Him,—

"Him first, him last, him midst and without end."

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

The victory of Lepanto was hailed throughout christendom with a joy of which we, of the present day, can form no adequate conception. Modern Turkey is but the "sick man," whose case requires the powerful aid of such physicians as France and England, to prevent a complete dissolution; it was not so in the sixteenth century. The Ottoman Empire, at that epoch, extended from Austria on the west, to the banks of the Euphrates on the east. On the south, Egypt owned its sway, and more than one of the kindred and piratical people that skirt the shores of Northern Africa, looked to the Sublime Porte, as their acknowledged head and protector.—To two, at least, of the parties to "the League," the proximity of this colossal power was a constant threat. Great, therefore, was the rejoicing in Rome and Venice at the news of a victory, from which some well-informed historians date the waning of the power of the crescent. His Holiness, Pius V., the true soul of the League, had previously declared that the victory had been revealed to him from Heaven; this did not prevent him, however, from being exceedingly moved at the profane confirmation of this miraculous revelation. As he listened to the glorious details, the old Pontiff burst into tears, and exclaimed, in the words of the Evangelist: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Nor was Spain backward, in expressing her delight and admiration at the achievments of her favorite son. Poets and sculptors were employed to perpetuate the memory of his great victory. On the walls of the museum at Madrid, the traveler may still look with admiration on Titian's great picture of the victory of the League; and a yet more enduring memorial keeps alive the memory of the great event, in some of the most brilliant pages of the Spanish Muse. So far as immediate results are concerned, however, its chief importance appears to have been the damage it inflicted on the prestige of the Ottoman arms. Like Rome after Cannæ, or Washington City after first Manassas, the Turkish capital, for a short time after Lepanto, seemed to lie helpless and exposed to the victor's blows.—Many, indeed, of his contemporaries, as well as some subsequent historians, were of opinion that Don John should at once have sailed against Constantinople.—But it is a cheap task to criticise after the event. If obvious con-

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* Continued from page 205.

siderations can be urged why Don John should have thus pressed home upon his gigantic adversary, while staggering from the tremendous blow he had inflicted, considerations no less obvious suggest reasons against so hazardous a step. Without entering into the argument, it is enough to know that Don John himself regarded the undertaking, as one too great for his means. The season was already far advanced, and on a careful reconnoissance of the ground, the siege even of Santa Maura—a strongly fortified place, commanding the northern entrance to the gulf of Lepanto—was adjudged to be an undertaking of too much time and labor. Accordingly, it was determined to postpone further operations until the next season; and after a proportionate division of the spoil, the confederates separated, the Venetians and Romans steering homeward, and Don John shaping his course for the Messina. Great was the rejoicing that welcomed the return of the youthful conqueror. The city gave a splendid banquet in his honor, and as a more substantial token of approbation, voted him the sum of sixteen thousand crowns. It is pleasing to remember that Don John accepted this money only to devote it to the relief of the poor soldiers wounded in the battle of Lepanto. He showed a like generosity and nobility of soul, in directing all his individual share of the spoil obtained in the action to be divided among the captors. "Great men," says Byron—the quotation is from memory—have always

> "——despised great recompenses;
> Epaminondas saves his Thebes and died,
> And left behind—not even his funeral expenses."

Our own hero, Lee, has repeatedly refused to accept anything like money in payment of a debt, which a grateful country feels she owes him. There is something singularly admirable in this noble delicacy. Men instinctively recognize the fact that even in this world of barter and sale, there is something which money cannot pay for, something beyond the reach of the almighty dollar itself. In men of great name and place, the greed of gold is peculiarly odious. Of all the meannesses and vices, which stain the character of Marlboro', perhaps the most contemptible is the filthy love of lucre, for lucre's sake. The man whom Addison could compare to the destroying angel,—whose genius, amid the terrors of the battle, could "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm,"—such a man, pouching every scrap of honest or dishonest gain, and like a greedy magpie, hoarding them for the mere love of hoarding, is a spectacle to make men and angels weep.

If Don John had no claim to the disinterestedness of an Epaminondas or a Lee, at least, his ambition was too lofty and absorbing, for the ignoble thirst of gold to dispute the empire of his soul with the thirst for fame. Nor was he destitute of those chivalrous sentiments, which prompted the Black Prince to make his triumphal entry into London side by side with the captive John, himself mounted on the humbler steed, while the French monarch rode a magnificent charger. He treated the captive sons of the unfortunate Ali, who had fallen to his share, with every consideration due to their birth and rank; and dismissed the survivor—for one had died meanwhile, it is said, of a broken heart—without ransom. He even refused to receive a present from the sister of these poor lads, not, as he said, because he under-valued her beautiful gift, but because it had ever been the custom of his royal ancestors to bestow their favors on those, who stood in need of them, without money and without price.

Notwithstanding the massacre of Galera, it is impossible to believe that his was a blood-thirsty or cruel nature. Whilst we cannot, therefore, accord our highest admiration to one whose ambition was purely selfish, we may indulge a legitimate commiseration for the disappointments and crosses of his subsequent career, and for the sad end of so much that was knightly and noble.

Like that of Napoleon at Austerlitz, the career of Don John reached its culminating point on the great day of Lepanto. His hopes of acquiring further distinction in the war against the Turks were doomed to disappointment. In the ensuing season, the several contingents of the allies were not ready until the summer was far advanced. When at length the Spanish contingent had been assembled, Philip, whose affairs were then at a critical juncture, refused to allow his brother to leave the port of Messina. It was not until the latter part of August, that Don John obtained permission to join the rest of the allies with his whole fleet. The junction was effected at Corfu, and once more unfurling the sacred standard of the League, the young leader steered southward in quest of the Turkish fleet. But the Turks had learned that they were not invincible by sea.—Their commander took refuge in the harbor and under the guns of the Castle of Modon and persistently refused to meet the christian fleet on the open waters.—The latter prolonged their stay in the neighborhood until the season was far advanced, when, despairing of accomplishing anything in a campaign begun at so late a day, they separated to their respective winter-quarters. Two of the allies, Spain and Rome, profiting by their experience, were resolved to begin the next campaign earlier in the season and on a yet more formidable scale. Venice, however, with that "Punic faith" which is so dark a blot on the escutcheon of the Republic, had already determined to play them false. Early in March, 1573, contrary to an express stipulation of one of the articles of the treaty, she concluded a separate peace for herself, on most dishonorable terms. So early was the end put to that League, which claimed on its face to be perpetual; and so ended the fond dream of the Pope, revived after three centuries, of humbling the power of the unbeliever, and wresting from his grasp the ever sacred spot, which witnessed the passion and burial of the Saviour. Philip received the news of the defection of Venice, as he did all news whether good or bad, with real or feigned composure. It left him free to direct the armament under Don John against an enemy nearer home than the Turkish Sultan, the Corsairs of the Barbary coast of Africa. The point selected for attack was Tunis, then a flourishing town and the home of many a pirate that preyed on the commerce of the Mediterranean. The history of the campaign is a short one. When Don John appeared before the town, it opened its gates to him without resistance, and the Spaniards at once marched in and took possession. The capture of the place, indeed, is scarcely worth recording, but for one circumstance connected with it, which throws no inconsiderable light on the then hopes and aspirations of Don John. Commanding the approaches to Tunis stood the castle of Goletta, captured by the famous Emperor Charles V., and ever since that time in the possession of Spain.—This fortress, finding its value much inferior to its cost, Philip had recommended, or as some historians report *ordered*, his brother to destroy. Don John, however, not only failed to comply with this recommendation, but ordered the fortifications of the citadel to be

thorougholy repaired; establishing, at the same time, a strong fortress in the city itself, which he garrisoned with eight thousand troops. The explanation of his action in this matter is to be found in the fact that he already aspired to a separate and independent sovereignty; and that he regarded Tunis, the capital of a fruitful and flourishing country, as the most eligible spot for the seat of his proposed dominion. Here he dreamed of founding a new Carthage, whose fame should rival or eclipse that of the once opulent and powerful rival of Rome. Sprung from the descendant of so many kings, brother to the most powerful monarch of his time, the idol of his own people and the admiration of the whole christian world, it is not surprising that such hopes should have taken possession of his imagination. Even before Lepanto, he appears to have indulged in these alluring dreams of sovereignty.—After the conquest of Tunis, he went so far as to request the good offices of the Pope with his most Catholic Majesty, to secure him in his African Empire. His Holiness lent a favorable ear to his request, and backed by this powerful recommendation, his petition, to all appearance, was graciously received by Philip. It seems probable, however, that the jealous suspicions of the tyrant were, now for the first time, seriously excited against his brother; suspicions, which once aroused, never slumbered nor slept, and which dogged him thenceforth to the grave.—Nothing of this, however, appeared on the surface. Without refusing or granting Don John's petition, he merely replied in substance, that he had information that the Turkish Sultan was fitting out an expedition for the recovery of Tunis, and it would therefore be well, before giving it away, to know to whom it really belonged. It soon appeared that this information was correct. On learning the loss of the Barbary capital, Selim at once equipped and despatched an armament for its recovery. The town, as before, made no resistance, but it was not until after a siege of more than two months, and an incredible loss of life to the besiegers, that both the fortresses surrendered to the enemy. Don John, all this while, in the interests of his brother, had been occupied in Genoa with settling the disputes of two rival factions, whose violence threatened the Republic in civil war. So soon as he had been able to extricate himself from these civil broils, he had hurried back to Sicily, and made every effort to collect an armament in time to save his African conquests. But the very elements were against him. His fleet was scattered by a tempest and when he again collected it and put to sea, he was baffled by contrary winds until the unwelcome news reached him of the fall of his proposed capital.—It was the death-knell to all his gay hopes of African dominion.

But Don John's was a nature too hopeful and elastic to be cast down by one or two disappointments. Like a true knight-errant, he still indulged the fond dream of carving out with his good sword an independent empire for himself. Suspecting that Philip was little pleased with his daring schemes to secure a throne, and aware that reconciliation with him was the first step to the attainment of his object, and that every road to high preferment must begin with the Castilian court, he resolved, though not summoned, at once to return thither. With this return, the curtain falls upon the second act of his life's drama. When it rises again, the scenery and actors, save only the actors in chief, will have been entirely changed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SEARCH OF THE SAGES.

I.

All night upon their lofty tower,
With up-turned brow, and straining eye,
The Persian sages watched each hour
Of the brief, orient night go by:
Yet still that unfamiliar star,
Mysteriously near, yet far—
Shining with such a steadfast blaze
Of silver radiance, that the rays
Of neighboring stars seemed dim,—was there,
Unheralded, unnamed, unknown;
No learned chart its place had shown
Within the heavens:—and yet, how rare
Its lustre was!—how strangely fair!

II.

It did not set, like other stars,
It did not melt away, nor wane,
But steadier than the fiery Mars,
Each night beheld it beam again.
In fadeless splendor. Was it sent,
The herald of some grand event
Which heaven would thus reveal to earth?
Did it presage some Prince's birth
Whose regnant sceptre should extend
From north to south—from east to west—
O'er all the Islands of the Blest,
Far as the sun his beams could send,
Even to the world's remotest end?

III.

So grew the thought:—"It must be so!
The star tends westward, as we see;
Heaven beckons us, and we must go,
And seek the Prince, and bow the knee.
Nor on an embassy so grand,
Dare we depart with empty hand;
But of our rarest, richest things,
In homage to this King of kings,
We'll carry offerings: Ophir's gold—
Arabia's spiciest odors, meet
To pour in worship at His feet,
Whose empire, vast and manifold,
Yon marvellous star hath just foretold."

IV.

So forth upon their western way,
These Magi journeyed long and far,

Watching with anxious gaze the ray
That trembled from their guiding star.
And when the blazing sun on high,
Flooded its spark from out the sky,
Trustful, they paused within their tent,
Until the orb of glory went
Down goldenly beneath the plain :—
And then with hope half touched with fear,
They looked aloft, and high and clear,
Each eve, amid the daylight's wane,
They hailed the mystic star again !

v.

With steady steps they followed still ;—
Had heaven not sent a guide for them ?
Nor rested in their search, until
They trod the streets of Bethlehem.
They looked to see the palace lights,
Whose dazzle should eclipse the night's.
Bnt through the thronging ways they passed,
And reached the city's verge at last,
Where o'er a straw-roofed shed of clay,
The starry finger pointed. There,
Amazed—dumb—yet undoubting, they
Entered, with homage, worship, praise,—
With prostrate form, and awe-struck gaze,
And owned His sovereignty, who lay
Swathed in our weak humanity,
A babe upon a woman's knee !

vi.

—— Ye sages of a younger time,
Who from the lofty heights of thought,
Reach upward toward the true sublime,
And search to know what God hath taught,—
See, where amid the central blue,
A star hath shot its crystal through ;
Uncatalogued in all the lore
Ye've syllabled so often o'er,—
Yet shining with a heaven-born light,
That hath not elsewhere met your sight.
Gather your choicest treasures :—take
Your wealth, your fame, your wisdom ; far
Your native realm of self forsake,
And lift your eyes to faith's pure star,
And let it lead you onward : till
With an unquestioning heart and will,
Ye bring your gifts, and kneel with them,
Before the child of Bethlehem !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE ENTERPRISE AND ENERGY OF THE SOUTH.

The people of the Southern States have been often charged with love of ease, want of enterprise, and aversion to steady and systematic labor. The self-sufficient Jacobin has long harped upon this theme, offering himself as a bright example for imitation. According to him, the South has done little, and the North, under better guidance and inspiration, has done every thing to develop the resources of the country. He laid it down as an infallible dogma that the existence of negro slavery in the South deteriorated the character and habits of the people, was an obstacle to the progress of population and civilization, and to the improvement of the country. All slave labor was unskilful, slovenly and superficial, an obstacle to the use of machinery and improved methods of production—and made labor discreditable to the white man. It stamped incompleteness and inefficiency on all that was done, or attempted. He had preached this doctrine so long and confidently, as not only to convince himself, but some people in the South began to believe it. Yet the history of the Southern States flatly disproves these dogmatic assertions.

Two centuries ago, the whole territory of the Southern States, with the exception of the neighborhood of Jamestown in Virginia, the Spanish forts of St. Augustine and Pensacola, and two French posts on the Mississippi, was a wilderness and the hunting ground of the red man. Another century brought little change to this vast region, although several European colonies flourished on the coast.

What progress has the South made within the last hundred years? and how far can the people of the Southern States claim that progress as their own work?

The characteristics of a people result from the race from which they sprung, the institutions and conditions under which they have lived, and their efforts or neglect to maintain and advance their position. It was no small advantage to the people of the Southern States that they were descended chiefly from British, and generally, English ancestors. From the same source they derived social, political, and religious institutions well adapted to secure their liberties, and promote their prosperity and civilization. In spite of the ruin which has lately fallen upon them, we think it can be proved that they did not by their own negligence throw away the advantages that God had given them.

Had the colonists of the Southern States been Frenchmen or Spaniards, we feel assured, from what we know of the attempts of these nations at colonization—that they would have made little progress compared with what has been done there. The Spaniards, stimulated to great enterprise and conquests in America in their search after gold, came into possession of vast and fertile regions, yet have shown little aptitude for turning the wilderness into a civilized and cultivated land. Among the French, an adventurous people, many have shown a remarkable readiness in throwing off the trammels of civilization, in order to identify themselves with savage communities, and become the leading spirits among them. But as civilized colonists, neither the French nor the Spaniards have shown much aptitude for spreading themselves as detached settlers over a new country, and pushing forward the great work

of extending widely and rapidly, European cultivation and civilization over barbarous regions. It seems to be characteristic of the Celtic races to herd together in crowds, to feel and act in masses, and to sink the individual in the community—while those of Teutonic origin have more individuality of character, or at least seek to live more within themselves, and avoid that close contact with the mass of their fellows, which puts their self-originating impulses under restraint. Even in cities, they are more strongly attached to the domestic hearth than the places of common resort—and they indulge this characteristic most fully in rural life. Boone, of Kentucky, was the very type of the Teutonic colonist, who seldom cared to locate himself where he could see the smoke rise from his next neighbor's chimney; while the opposite trait is strongly displayed in the American settlements of the Spaniards and the French. Although the French were early and eager explorers of the interior of the North American continent, yet in Canada the considerable population of French descent is still found chiefly in towns and villages, or on the little farms which line the banks of the St. Lawrence. The colonists of Louisiana spread slowly, as settlers, over the fertile territories lying invitingly open to them. So too, the emigrants to Mexico and other Spanish conquests, with every inducement from the fertility of the country, to become an agricultural people, and cover the land they had conquered, are still chiefly townsmen, and villagers; at the most, cultivating petty farms crowded around the communities in which they dwell. The *Haciendas*, the great estates, are chiefly vast stock farms with little tillage; and nothing in the country represents peasantry, but the lazy and inefficient Mexican race. Three centuries and a half have elapsed since the conquest of Mexico, yet in spite of the tide of migration thither, which set in and continued for centuries, the Mexican population of Spanish blood does not exceed a million. The same slow progress of population has been seen in the Portuguese colony of Brazil.

But it is a comparison of the progress of the Southern or slave holding States with that of the Northern or non-slave holding, that presents the true points of interest. Nor must we forget that negro slavery had existed in all the old States both Northern and Southern, and that the people of New England were perhaps the most active agents in the slave trade.

Even a century ago, the tide of European immigration into North America seems to have been much diverted from the Southern Colonies; after the Revolution it ceased to be a stream flowing steadily into the South. The Europeans and Northern men, who since then have settled in the South, seldom brought families with them, and have not added much to the population. A vast majority of the people of the Southern States are sprung from ancestors, who settled in some part of the South several generations ago.

The bulk of the negroes too in the Southern States are sprung from Africans imported long before the Revolution; for it was not late in the history of these colonies, when the slave population increased more by birth than by importation.

In this respect, the English colonies differed from those in the West Indies, whether English, Spanish or French. There, from causes unknown to us, perhaps the cost of maintaining the families of slaves, only adult made negroes were in much demand—and of course, the cargoes of slaves were chiefly of that sex; while among the negroes brought into the English continental colonies,

there were almost as many women as men. Indeed it was not uncommon for the slaver, after selling out the male part of the cargo in the West Indies to bring the women and children to a continental port. The negroes on a plantation in the West Indies resembled a regiment in this—that the members were kept up only by the frequent introduction of recruits—while in North America, the importation of Africans was like the introduction of a body of peasantry for the permanent settlement of the country. The effect of this was that, although fewer Africans were brought to North America than to any one of the large West Indian islands, their descendants are twice as numerous as all the negroes in the West Indies.

We have access to few early sources of statistical information, and the census of the U. S. dates only from 1790. But from that it appears that the number of negroes increased very little faster, during the last eighteen years of the slave trade than they have done since; from which we infer that no great number of Africans were imported during that time. We think it likely that there never were more than 300,000 Africans brought into this country, and in 1860 their descendants exceeded 4,000,000.

In 1810, on the taking of the first census after the slave trade had ceased, the population of the Southern States was:

Whites,	2,153,000
Slaves,	1,159,000
Free colored,	95,000
	3,407,000

At that time the chief productions of the Southern States, for exportation, were:

About	220,000 bales of cotton,
"	90,000 hhds. of tobacco,
"	130,000 tierces of rice,
	$8,000,000 in lumber, &c.

The usual marks of a civilized country—considerable towns, well built houses, well traveled roads, wealth and education—were only to be found at a few points in the vicinity of the sea coast.

In 1860, after the lapse of only fifty years, not a long life for a man, a brief period in the history of a people, the population of the Southern States amounted to:

Whites,	8,400,000
Free colored,	200,000
Slaves,	4,000,000
	12,600,000

But the progress in production and wealth had been far greater than in population. Numerous cities and towns had grown up throughout the country; almost every part of it was intersected by rail roads; wealth, education and refinement were widely disseminated and rapidly advancing in every part of the country; civilization and christianity had been planted a thousand miles westward of their former limits.

We have more accurate means of measuring the material than the moral progress of the country; and in order that the reader may the better judge of the direction largely given to labor in the Southern States, and of its results, we will set down the quantity and value of some of the principle productions that sought a market abroad.

In 1860, the quantity and value of the following commodities, produced for market, in the Southern States, were:

Cotton	5,000,000	bales, valued at	$250,000,000
Tobacco	200,000,000	pounds "	30,000,000
Sugar	400,000	hhds. "	22,000,000
Molasses	20,000,000	gallons "	4,000,000
Rice	4,500,000	bushels "	4,000,000
Hemp	35,000	tons "	4,200,000
Lumber and naval stores			10,000,000
			$324,200,000

Of this amount, at least $280,000,000 were produced for exportation beyond their borders. This, with many minor items of production omitted, was the surplus crop of the South, after agricultural labor had supplied the necessaries of life to the inhabitants; for, although some of the extreme Southern States did not produce all of the grain and provisions they consumed, the deficiency was far less than the amount of these articles exported from slave-holding states farther North—as Virginia, Maryland and others.

History tells of no instance of so rapid an increase of an agricultural product, as that of the cotton crop. The Southern States seemed destined to clothe the world. No people, in proportion to their numbers, not even the population of California and Victoria, ever furnished to the commerce of the world, an equal amount of valuable commodities, providing the materials of industry, and thus of subsistence and wealth to millions, and of comfort to untold millions.

One is apt to imagine that so great a progress, within so brief a period, could only be the result of a combination of all the advantages that could promote a people's prosperity, and to feel certain that the people of the Southern States had shared all the advantages enjoyed by their Northern neighbors living in the same confederation with themselves. But we will show that this is far from being true.

They enjoyed, indeed, some great advantages in common with the Northern States; they had inherited those ideas and institutions, on which Anglo-Saxon liberty and social order are based, and had adapted them to their circumstances in a new country. On these were founded their liberal and efficient State Governments, securing internal order and justice. They had an extensive country lying open before them, inviting occupation and culture: they had near at hand, no great foreign power to involve them in costly and dangerous wars. Yet powerful influences obstructed the progress of the Southern States; one was the character of the climate.

In the Southern portion of the continent, colonized by the English, as in the adjacent islands, the European settlers had found a climate and soil admirably adapted to the growth of agricultural staples, eagerly sought after in every land. Here was a great field for agricultural enterprise, industry and skill; but it was soon found that on the more productive soils of this bountiful region, the man of European blood followed the labors of the field, at the cost of health, and the hazard of life. He cultivated summer-growing crops, requiring frequent tillage, chiefly by manual labor, at the hottest season of the year. Few constitutions long withstood the wasting effects of the climate when laid open to its worst influences, by the fatigue and exposure of the husbandman's toil under even a sub-tropical sun.—The Southern colonies of England were settled at a fearful cost of human health and life, and this tribute to the climate, though diminished, has never ceased to be paid. Indeed, in many parts the clearing and cultivating the land seemed to aggravate its malignancy. Apart from this, any one, who is familiar with the climate and knows the amount of work habitually done by an English or Scotch farm laborer, is aware that such labor is possible in few, and only the least productive parts in the Southern States. The climate has continued to divert the tide of European immigration, which would otherwise have flowed into the South, and has for years been adding so immensely to the population, and yet more to the command of labor, in the Northern States. On the first settlement of

the English on the Southern coast, the need of more suitable labor was at once felt ; and the African slave trade, long since opened by Spaniards, and now fostered by the British Government, soon began to supply the want.

The introduction of the negro in a measure overcame the obstacle the climate presented to the cultivation of the country. The negro slaves brought from Africa (for almost all had been slaves at home) found here a climate and country congenial to their nature; differing somewhat from their own, but perhaps more favorable to them. We may infer this from their ready multiplication by natural increase, and their improvement in efficiency, intelligence and civilization ; or must we attribute these effects not in part to change of country and climate, but solely to their improved social condition ?

In the Southern States, both climate and soil are peculiarly adapted to the growth of agricultural products, of the first importance in the commerce of the world.—This had stamped an agricultural character on these communities, leading them to peculiar pursuits, in which skill and labor are directed chiefly, not to growing the ordinary crops of the farm, most of which are consumed in the country, and even neighborhood in which they are grown, but to the production of crops, which become at once commercial commodities, which will pay the cost of distant transportation, and are sought after in foreign and distant lands. Thus on the first settlement of Virginia, tobacco became the great staple of agriculture and commerce, and even the chief currency of the colony ; further south, indigo, rice and naval stores took its place. In a still lower latitude, the growth and preparation of sugar profitably employed much labor and the richest lands. But for many years past, the wealth of the South has been chiefly derived from those ever increasing cotton crops, with which the planter has striven to supply the ever growing demands of the world, and thus render all nations tributary to his wants.

The civilization, systematic industry and controlling intellect of the white man, directing and aided by the ability for labor and the constitutional peculiarities of the negro, in a country and climate so capable of valuable productions, made the Southern States what we lately saw them, rich, civilized and prosperous communities, whose annually increasing produce took the lead in the commerce of the world, and supported, in peace and plenty, two distinct populations, differing in race and condition, each of which already numbered several millions. Nor do we know of any other possible combination of human powers, which could have raised these peculiar regions to the condition they had lately attained.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the agricultural success of the South was owing to the peculiar fertility of the soil. In the extensive territories covered by these States, there is a large proportion of poor land ; and in the more southern States, the climate is not favorable to the production of grain ; the people cultivated certain crops for exportation simply because their soil and climate, and the labor at their command, was especially adapted to their production. Inferring God's designs from his works, and not being wise or righteous above Scripture, nor deeming that wrong which Christ condemned not, the people of the Southern States turned the territory they occupied, and the negroes introduced there, (not especially by themselves,) to the most useful purposes to which they were adapted, greatly to the profit of themselves,

of the negroes, and even of the world at large; if it be true that God has so contrived the relations of a world-wide humanity, that every country is immediately or remotely benefited by the cultivation, civilization and prosperity of every other country in the world.

The great evil, which long obstructed the progress, burdened the industry of the people of the Southern States, and tapped the fountains of their prosperity, was the financial and commercial policy of the very government, they had joined in establishing for the security of their interests and their rights; for the pursuits of the people of these States afforded peculiar temptations and facilities, for practicing this fraudulent and oppressive policy towards them.

All this production in the South, of commodities for foreign markets, had one object, that is to purchase articles not produced at home. What the producer everywhere aims at, and has a right to, is liberty to sell his produce at the highest price he can get, in the best market he can find, and replace it with the commodities of his choice. This is an essential part of liberty, without which no man is truly free. The producer seeks to exchange his produce for some other commodities, money being merely the measure and medium which facilitates this exchange. That which was his at home is still his when he has carried it abroad; and when he has exchanged it, that which he receives in exchange, when brought home, is as much his property as that which he carried abroad in order to obtain it; and it makes no difference in principle, whether he carry it abroad himself, or sell it to another who buys it for that purpose.

The people of the Northern States, from the nature of their climate and country, were not producers of large amounts of valuable commodities, in great demand in foreign countries. Europe, in particular, produced, besides many things that the Northern States did not furnish, most commodities which they did produce, and at lower prices. Now the exports from a country pay for the imports into that country, and the imports for the exports; there is no other possible way of paying for either. But as the great bulk of the exports from the United States was the produce of the South, the great bulk of imports came to pay Southern men for that which they had sent abroad, or sold to be sent abroad by others.

But if the people of the Northern States had little to export, they had what they resolved should be quite as profitable to them—they had a majority of voices in the councils of the common government, and were thus able to control the commercial and financial policy of the country—and resolved to pervert the common agent of all the States into the source of profit to themselves, at the cost of the South. No government can be supported without a revenue, and they sought to avoid, as far as possible, contributing their share to that revenue which had to be raised by taxation.

A tax may be defined—the requisition by the law, from individuals, of a portion of their substance, for the support of the government under which they live; but a *just* tax is a requisition by the law, from individuals of an *equal* proportion of their substance, for the support of the government under which they live *protected in their rights*—taxation and protection are correlative terms. Unnecessary taxation is evident oppression, and an equal apportionment of taxes, especially in a confederacy, is the plain dictate of justice. It is not often practicable to find this proportion; but governments are bound to seek it, and approximate to it. How did the

Federal government deal with the South on this point?

Congress provided for the support of the government almost exclusively by laying duties on foreign goods; the rest was chiefly raised by the sale of public land in the territories, most of which had been ceded to the Federal government by the Southern States. Now a tax, on imported foreign goods, affects the producer of exportable articles in this way: While trade is free, the exported produce of the country is paid for by as large an amount of foreign goods as will leave the ordinary profits on commercial transactions, after all expenses are paid; but when there is a tax on foreign goods coming into the country, there is a new and great expenditure added; for the merchant must pay ten, twenty, thirty and perhaps forty per cent. to the government on the value of his foreign cargo, before he can sell it in the country. The price of these foreign goods are raised in this market, by the amount of the tax, and the producer of commodities for exportation, obtains for them proportionally less foreign goods in exchange. The foreigner's means of purchasing being diminished by the amount of the tax he pays on his goods, the price of Southern produce falls when the tariff is raised in the United States, and rises when it is lowered; the burden of supporting the common government has been thus thrown chiefly on the South. While this has been long the case, the bulk of the revenue has been systematically expended at the North.—The people of the Northern States, who through their numbers, controlled the financial and commercial policy of the government, so contrived it, that they received more than twice as much from the United States treasury, as they paid into it, while the people of the Southern States paid more than twice as much into it as they received from it, in the shape of government expenditure among them. Now as long as the revenue of a government is expended among the people who pay it, it is difficult to say what is the limit of possible taxation. When a government expends among a people twice as much as it takes from them by taxation, the higher the taxes the richer that people will become; but when the government takes twice as much in taxes as it expends among the people who pay them—even low taxes tend to impoverish them, and high taxes to ruin them.

But this taxing power was made to minister in another way to the profit of the North. Great is the ingenuity of the New Englander, but never so great as when he would embark in some undertaking in which others are to pay the cost, and he is to reap the profit. Thus the character of the coast and seas in his neighborhood tempting him to establish fisheries—he first invents plausible grounds to induce the government to pay a bounty per ton on every vessel he should fit out for the fisheries—that is, to pay him for doing his own business. He caught the fish and the bounty too, nor do we know that he sold his fish any cheaper on that account, as foreign caught fish were carefully excluded by taxation. To increase his profit as a ship builder and a ship owner, the yankee procured the passing of the navigation laws, which imposed tonnage duties on all foreign vessels, and prohibited their taking part in the coasting trade, the aim being to secure to the yankee ship owner, high freights at the cost of the Southern States, the great exporters of produce. When he took to spinning cotton and wool, knowing that the English and French manufacturers could furnish a far better article at a cheaper price—and that in a free market he had no chance of selling a yard of his stuffs in the South, he per-

suades and bribes Congress, under the plea of protecting American industry, to impose a heavier duty on foreign cotton and woolen goods. The object is to exclude the better foreign article, to confine the Southern man to the Northern market, and compel him to pay an extravagant price for inferior goods. When he took to smelting and manufacturing iron —the South must bid farewell to cheap iron and tools, for a duty of thirty per cent. it is hoped will exclude the English article and give the Northern man exclusive control of this necessary of civilized life. And so with coal mining, and every other enterprise, which can be made profitable to the Northern man by such government interference, as will raise the commodity to an artificial price.

For many years, the whole object of the commercial and financial policy of the U. S. government has been to drain the South of its wealth, in order to raise the wages of Northern labor and the profits of Northern capital, and to furnish the government with the means of lavish expenditure at the North. The corrupting effect there of this system can hardly be exaggerated, and it has created a large party who look upon the government, not as an institution, which they are to aid in supporting out of the proceeds of their honest industry, but which owes them a living, and is bound to support them.

The wonder is how did the South contrive to grow rich while thus drained? It is too plain how the North grew yet richer, thus constantly flooded with wealth, not of its own production.

The people of the North have always been far more numerous; and great as the progress of the population in the South has been, that at the North has been greater. For it has been long swelled by the unparallelled influx of emigrants from the old world as numerous, perhaps, as the barbarous hordes that overran the Roman Empire. We have few means of reference at hand—but in some years, as 1854, this immigration amounted to nearly half a million. At the same time, the prosperity of the North has been stimulated by the influx of the surplus capital of Great Britain and other countries of the North of Europe. Both labor and capital naturally sought in the New World a latitude, climate, and employment similar to those of the country from which they had come. Of the foreigners living in the U. S. in 1850, 1,965,000 were found in the non-slaveholding States, only 245,000 in the slave-holding States; and since then the disproportions, we believe, is vastly increased. The North thus acquired an almost unlimited command of labor—including skilled mechanics and men of science of high attainments. All the great works of internal improvement there are chiefly the result of Irish and German labor, and mechanical skill from England, Scotland and the north of Europe. In addition to the capital borrowed from Europe, it drained annually from the South far greater means of setting that labor to work.

In truth, the South is like a farm, from which all the manure has been annually carted away to be spread on the fields of the farm lying north of it. The tenant of the first farm must have possessed no little skill and industry to enable him to compete at all with his favored neighbor, who by the by has never ceased to abuse him both as a man and a farmer. The Southern farmer has been undergoing this process for half a century, for the profit of his Northern neighbor, who had the ear of that parental government which had undertaken to protect them both. But he may now ease his mind with the bitter consolation that no more of this valuable manure will be raked upon his premises to en-

rich so unfairly his Northern neighbor.

"*Viator vacuus coram latrone cantabit.*"

We bemoan the fate of the farmer's black cattle, which under his care have thriven and multiplied so wonderfully, but are now destined to dwindle and die out far more rapidly than they had increased. But this is too solemn a subject for a jesting metaphor.

The decrease in the number of negroes in the British and French West Indies, since their emancipation, though great, will be no measure of the rate at which they will die out in the Southern States.—The negroes in the West Indies had not in contact with them, a large population of a superior race to shoulder them out of the way, in the struggle for existence.—And, what is perhaps more essential, in these islands, clothing, shelter, and fuel are scarcely needed, and the soil and climate yield the actual necessaries of life, almost spontaneously, to the slightest exertion. But it is not so in any part of the Southern States, which have a marked winter; there, food, clothing, shelter, and fuel can only be obtained through forethought and real labor, to which the negro is so averse. Like the Indian, he is destined to die out.

It has been asserted by some Northern theorists that there is a tendency to degenerate in the white population of the Southern States, which has only been partially counteracted by new comers from Europe and the North. The yankee has great faith in statistics, yet skilfully as he has manipulated those of the U. S., he is reluctant to receive some of the conclusions necessarily to be drawn from them. He is loth to admit what these statistics clearly prove, for instance, that the negro thrives in servitude and dies out in freedom. That of all the classes of the population, crime was most frequent among the free negroes, and rarest among the slaves. That the dogma that free labor is more productive than slave labor is false, when applied to the black race.—Equally false are his inferences as to degeneracy in the people of the South. They have yet shown no no sign of it, or of inferiority to any other people. There are statistical and historical facts utterly incompatible with this idea of their degeneration. It appears from the census of 1850, (the only one we have access to) that while but one hundred and ninety five thousand persons, who had been born in the Northern States, were then living in the South, there were at that very time, four hundred and eighty five thousand natives of the Southern States then living at the North. Is it to be supposed that they would have settled there, if from inferiority, in industry and ability, they had found themselves less capable of making a living and pushing their fortunes than the people they went among? Eighty-five thousand Virginians were found in Ohio alone, fifty-one thousand in Indiana; sixty-eight thousand Kentuckians in Indiana, fifty nine in Illinois; fifty-eight thousand North Carolinians in Ohio—thirty three thousand in Indiana; thirty-two thousand Tennesseans in Illinois, &c., and some Southerners in every Northern State. Far the greater number of these emigrants from the South were farmers, and their object was to find a climate in which field work and out-door labor was not so injurious to the white man, as in that which they had left behind them. Another motive may have been, that in removing from the South to the North they experienced bounty in place of oppression at the hands of the Federal government. All these statements apply to the white population, and it appears that the rapid increase of the whites in the South, was in spite of the fact that they sent out far

more emigrants than they received from Europe and the North.

The Southern man, says the Northerner, is constitutionally indolent, and generally illiterate; in the South you see but slovenly farming and rudeness in the mechanic arts.

It is true that there is often an air of languor about the Southern man from which many have inferred want of energy—while it is but the result of energy expended in a prostrating climate. Neat husbandry and high tillage must not be looked for in any country where land is abundant and labor scarce, nor is such a region a favorable home to the mechanic arts. Yet peculiar forms of such high cultivation could have been found on the sugar plantations of Louisiana, the rice plantations of South Carolina,—and there, also, in that limited region producing the fine cotton known as sea island. It is peculiarly difficult to bring education home to a rural population scattered over a large territory, such as the people and country of the South. But the members of the learned professions and other educated classes there, have been the equals of those at the North. The pursuits of letters and science are promoted by, almost require, a residence amidst a dense population, where one can have intercourse with numerous cultivated minds, and access to large libraries and the material and apparatus for scientific investigation. Yet among the names best known in the somewhat flimsy literature and pretentious science of the U. S., not a few are those of Southern men. Southern statesmen in the Federal councils have generally taken broader views, and, except on questions affecting the sectional and pecuniary interests of the North, they usually controled the counsels of the government. In all the wars from colonial times to this day, the names of Southern men have been pre-eminent. The military spirit of the South was shown in the Mexican war, by the superiority both in numbers and conduct of the Southern volunteers over those of the North.—Even now, defeated and ruined as they have been, they can boast that, except perhaps in some very small and compact state, no population ever sent forth a larger military force in proportion to its numbers, and made greater efforts and sacrifices for the national defence; though little in this instance can be said in praise of the statesmanship and strategy, that wasted the resources and misdirected the energy of the country.

Of the present condition of the people of the Southern States, we care not to speak. Their future will depend much on their not forgetting what they have been, and what they have done, even in the midst of their failure. Theirs has been no inglorious past; woe to them, if, in the day of their humiliation they strive to forget it.

PAGE-BROOK.

There is dust on the door-way, there is mould on the wall,
There's a chill at the hearth-stone, a hush through the hall,
And the stately old mansion stands darkened and cold
By the leal, loving hearts that it sheltered of old.

No light at the lattice, no smile at the door,
No cheer at its table, no dance on its floor,
But "glory departed," and silence, alone!
"Dust unto dust," upon pillar and stone!

No laughter of childhood, no shout on the lawn,
No footstep to echo the feet that are gone,
Feet of the beautiful, forms of the brave,
Failing in other lands, gone to the grave!

No anthem of praises, no hymn rising clear,
No song at the bridal, no wail at the bier,
All the chords of its symphonies, scattered and riven,
Its altar in ashes! Its incense in Heaven!

'Tis life's deepest sadness, thus lonely to stand,
'Mid the wreck of a HOME, once the pride of the land,
Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
The melody stilled in its desolate heart.

Yet softly the sun-shine still rests on the grass,
And lightly and swiftly the cloud-shadows pass;
And still the broad meadow exults in the sheen,
With its foam-crest of snow, and its billows of green.

And the verdure shall creep to the mouldering walls,
And the sun-light shall sleep in the desolate halls,
And the foot of the Pilgrim shall find to the last
Some fragrance of Home at the shrine of the Past.

F. O. TICKNOR.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

We start for Seville. Immured within Madrid for more than six months, I was delighted to escape on an excursion through the Southern provinces.

Have you formed an idea of a Spanish public coach? It is a huge, cumbrous vehicle, not unlike a locomotive, consisting of four parts: *the coupé*, (front,) *the interior*, (middle,) *the rotonda*, (hinder part,) and *the berlina*, (top.) These apartments differ in comfort, and, of course, in price. *The berlina* is the cheapest, and the best for a view of the country. The unwieldy vehicle is usually drawn by ten mules, with a horse in the lead, on which is seated a postillion; the animals are neither held in, nor guided by bit or bridle. They move wholly by word of mouth and the crack of the whip; and they go, on level ground

* Continued from page 102.

or down hill, with thundering noise, as fast as their feet, under a sharp lash, can carry them.

The company consisted, altogether of Spaniards, save myself; and I had occasion again to observe, as I had often done before, the infinite good humor and pleasantry of this people at those petty annoyances, which frequently put us so much out. Spaniards are very Jobs. They bear all the ills of life, from bad government down to a crying child, with admirable patience. We had a lady along with an infant that behaved every way as badly as an infant could. Had we been in a crowded coach of Englishmen or Americans, there would have been, I know well, some looks and intimations betokening displeasure, at its childish performances. Not so, however, with our Spanish *compagnons de voyage*. They cracked their jokes in vain attempts to quiet the unruly brat, about as often as our driver cracked his whip. And the mother, understanding the temper of her countrymen, never seemed to feel that she was furnishing an annoyance to anybody. Nor, indeed, was she; for nothing is so catching as good humor.—We all partook of the general glee; and when she parted from us, in the evening, we felt that something was taken from the stock of our amusement.

We took dinner, the first day, and rested several hours at Aranjuez, a royal residence, some twenty-eight or thirty miles from Madrid. The court removes to this place, about the last of April, and remains till the middle of June, when, passing again through Madrid, it proceeds to La Granja, beyond the Guadarrama mountains. Aranjuez is a delightful retreat. At Madrid, you have one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe, situated on a stream not larger than a spring branch, without a tree, or garden, or flower, or blade of grass. At Aranjuez, on the contrary, we see a palace of ordinary pretensions, amid a valley clothed with verdure, through which the Tagus rolls its yellow waters. The chief charm of the site is its forest, which, extending for miles up and down the river, boasts of trees brought from every clime of the old world and the new. Among others, I remarked, with patriotic pride, two, which came from the Dismal Swamp in North Carolina. Amid the spring glories of this unrivalled forest, embellished with fountains, and gardens, and fields of green, the Royalty of Spain is accustomed to repair its energies, wasted by the dissipation of the capital, and to repay itself for the cheerless prospect at Madrid.

We move on. As the sun was declining, a small village, whose picturesque situation attracted our attention, loomed in the distance. It was perched, like an Eagle's eyrie, upon the summit of a bold cliff of rocks. It had been an out-post *guard*, in former times, against the Moors—hence its name *La Guardia*. Slowly ascending the eminence, our diligence was beset with a swarm of beggar children, who came pouring out of the side of the hill, in which they burrow like rabbits. The French, during the wars of Napoleon, sacked the town and destroyed many of the houses, and the miserable population are either too lazy or too poor to undertake any repairs. So they live, chiefly, in the holes of the earth. I never saw better specimens of Spanish beggars than these children presented—naked, dirty, emaciated—yet, withal, so joyous and blithe! They mingled with their entreaties for money all sorts of little gymnastics—standing on their heads, walking on their arms, skipping like kids over each other—evidently for the amusement of the passengers, and intended as a kind of recompense for what they expected to get when the diligence stop-

ped. While we were changing mules, I was particularly engaged by a little bright-eyed girl, whose pretty face and lively manners struck me. She had a joke and a smile for every one. She asked me if I did not want a drink of water, (they *sell* water in Spain,) holding out to me, at the same time, a glassful. I told her I did not want water, but that I did want a kiss, and asked her what she would take for one. She answered gaily: "I never *sell* my kisses; I always give them freely. But," she continued, "if you really want a kiss, come with me, and I will take you to the Virgin —the mother of God—in the church over there," pointing to a small chapel hard by. "The Virgin," she added, "is better to kiss than I am." "No," I said "the Virgin is ugly and dead." "Not so," she cried, "the Virgin is alive too. The Virgin lives in heaven. And our Lady of La Guardia is the prettiest in all Spain. Come and kiss her." I was not quite so devout a catholic as that; but pressed by the charming importunity of the little girl, I was puzzled to find a gallant way of retreat. Fortunately, just then, the postillion cracked his whip, the *mayoral* shouted "a la coche, Senores," and in a few minutes La Guardia and its rocky cliffs were lost to our view, as we bounded over the plains of La Mancha.

La Mancha! Your classic recollections start up at that name, and the veritable history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha pass in ideal review before you, as did the actual scenes of his never-to-be-forgotten achievements before me.

Off to our left, lay the village of *Tobosa*, where dwelt the fair dulcinea of all his hopes and woes, who "had the best hand of salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha." (P. 1., b. 2., c. 1.)

We went rapidly through *the Pass of Lapiche*, where he exultingly told brother Sancho, "we may thrust our arms up to the elbows in adventures;" and they did too, for they encountered the wind-mills there. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 8.)

We stopped a few minutes at the *Venta de Quesada*, where he took a pleasant method to be dubbed a knight. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 3.)—And the inn and its well are standing to this day, just as they were described three hundred years ago.

Not far off, immediately to our left, is *Argamasilla*, where (though the name is purposely omitted) our hero domiciled, and in whose gloomy prison, Cervantes wrought this whole wondrous web of fancy. (P. 1, b. 1, c. 1.)

We passed along the same road near *Torre Nueva*, where the kind hearted knight liberated a band of galley-slaves. (P. 1, b. 3, c. 8.) And we too met in the neighborhood a herd of these wretches, chained two-and-two, who would have been no doubt equally glad of a like service rendered to them, but the age of chivalry is gone.

We approached, finally, the *Sierra Morena*, whose lofty heights reminded us of the story of Cardenio and Dorothea, and all those valiant feats of the amorous knight, which are faithfully recounted in part 1, book 4, whereunto I refer for particulars.

I quote chapter and verse. I traveled, indeed, with book in hand. There is no guide-book through La Mancha like Don Quixote. You feel that he is a real personage, so life-like are the representations of Manchegan character, habits and localities.—I have never discovered anything out of place or out of time, in Don Quixote. Let me illustrate. In my ignorance, I was accustomed to fancy the never-before-imagined adventure of the wind-mills rather far-fetched. It seemed to me that no man could be crack-brained enough to mistake those common implements of husbandry for giants. But how truthfully did

the great novelist picture the manners as they rose.

Wind-mills had been introduced into Spain only a short time, when Cervantes wrote. They were a seventh wonder even to men of science; and came into most general use in La Mancha, which has ever been a grain-producing province, with little water power.—The Spanish wind-mill is smaller than ours; and as you pass along the highway, you may see them now, as three hundred years ago, in groups at some distance from the road, particularly in the vicinity of Lapiche, standing in the open air, with arms extended, not unlike giants in battle array.—The illusion would be most natural, even at this day, to an imagination fired like that of the valorous Don. Thus you perceive that, with not less of historical accuracy than of local appropriateness, has the unmatched humorist introduced this incident. And it is hardly possible to meet a Manchegan peasant without welcome recognition in his features, in his language, in his dress, in his donkey, in everything that is his, our old familiar friend, honest Sancho Panza. who has moved to laughter or to tears eight generations of readers. Such is the power of genius, and so much stranger is truth than fiction!

Leaving La Mancha, we penetrate the *Sierra Morena* by a defile, which is singularly called *Despena perros* (throw over dogs.) The scenery is very fine. The mountains rise on either hand.—At certain points you look down over rocks piled on rocks, hundreds of feet into the gorge below, until the head is giddy; while far off to the left loom up, mingling with the sky, the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with a diadem of snow. The name of this narrow passage through the mountains is derived, it is said, from the practice of the Spanish christians of throwing the Moors over these rocks, when they refused to abjure the faith of the Prophet. I suspect there was a reciprocity in this kind of sport—for the enmity between the races was mortal. While the Spaniard called the Musselman "infidel dog," the Moor knew the Spaniard only as "christian dog." As either party gained the ascendency, in the course of the changeful fortunes of their long warfare, we cannot doubt that each availed itself of these craggy heights to reek vengeance upon the other, by this terrible manner of death.—Far down there in the deep gorge, mouldering together, lies the martyred dust of the follower of the Cross and the Crescent!!

Passing *Despena perros*, a change, as instantaneous as it is refreshing, comes over the face of the country, and of course, over one's own spirit. You bid adieu to solemn, dreary La Mancha—you hail bright, cheerful Andalusia, which spreads out like a rich carpet before you in "gay, theatric pride." The soft voluptuousness, which now envelopes the amplitude of earth and sky as with a garment, leaves you no longer to doubt that this balmy region was the loved land of the Moor.

The genial summer sun, which knows no winter; the little hills, which rejoice on every side; the green pastures, which are clothed with flocks; the valleys also, which are covered over with corn; the vegetation, so rich and varied and fragrant; the vine, the orange, the lemon, the olive, the palm—"even every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." Such is Andalusia! I do not wonder that the Moslem fought for it, through eight long centuries, as for his life. I do not wonder that he shed bitter tears, when the obstinate valor of the Goth wrested it from his dominion forever!

We dined the second day at *La Carolina*, whose neat, fresh appearance made me feel that I was

again in one of our new-born villages in America. All the Spanish towns, which I had hitherto seen, had an ancient air and a decayed aspect. In all of them you find marks, more or less distinct, of the several races which have held possession of the country—the Roman, the Goth, the Moor. Not so in La Carolina, which looks as modern as Charlotte or Raleigh. The streets, deeply shaded, are laid out with exact regularity; and the cottage-like houses are ranged with a uniformity, and finished in a recent style of architecture, that is very novel here, and, by contrast, exceedingly pleasing to the eye. On inquiry, I found that the town was established about the middle of the last century—in America, we would call even that an old town—and peopled by some Dutch and Swiss, whose tastes have combined to make it one of the prettiest villages in Spain, though altogether non-Spanish.

I stopped a day in *Cordova*.—This is one of the places which should be well-seen—not so much for what it is as for what it was. Situated in a vast plain, on the Guadelquiver, amid olives and palm-trees, its aspect, as you approach it from a distance, is truly oriental. But of a glory, which once rendered it the foremost city of the world, there remains now but a single object of chief interest. I refer of course to the celebrated Mosque, which was built towards the close of the 8th century, and ranked in sanctity next to the Caaba at Mecca. The exterior did not impress me. Passing through the once beautiful Court of Oranges, 430 by 210 feet in extent, now the favorite resort of beggars, I entered the main building by the great central door.

The scene was magical. An area of 400 by 350 feet, where a thousand variegated marble pillars support the roof; the airy architecture of the orientals, now seen for the first time; the rich mosaic curiously wrought in the floor, representing incidents in Arabian story; the solemn stillness which reigns there, so inspiring to tranquil devotion; the dim religious light falling over all from a sky of cloudless beauty!! It was absolutely like enchantment. It is vain to attempt details.—They would not be intelligible.—The Catholics, who have converted the Mosque into a Cathedral, have marred the general effect somewhat, by erecting a choir and altar in the centre of the building. But, happily, neither all the changes of Rome, nor yet the ravages of a thousand years have availed much to impair the primal elegance of this monument of the Saracenic domination in Spain.

I lingered almost the day long amid this forest of pillars, filled with such thoughts of things past, as might recommend solitude before choicest society.

And now, ere the shadows of evening close upon us, let us ascend the tall and graceful minaret, whence we gain an extensive prospect of city and country. Would you know what Cordova was? Give fancy no play—but accept the dry details of pains-taking delvers in Spanish-Arabic antiquities. Eight centuries ago, the muezzin who summoned the faithful to prayers, at this hour, from the spot where we are standing, had his words taken up and echoed back from the minarets of three hundred Mosques. Look around on the bare and silent plain, as far as your eye will carry in the falling twilight; and know that, for ten miles in every direction, while London and Paris were yet mud-built towns, there moved here, along streets solidly paved and brilliantly illuminated, a million of busy human beings. Two hundred thousand private residences, furnished with all the delicate luxuries of the east, and embosomed in orange-groves and

palm-trees, sparkled amid the eternal verdure like "orient pearls set in a cup of emeralds." Nine hundred public baths, supplied with water cold or warm to suit the caprice, attested the healthful voluptuousness of the inhabitants in a manner yet unrivaled by the largest of our modern cities. Six hundred houses of public entertainment evinced the attractions, which drew curious strangers and devout pilgrims from every land, to this capital seat of a civilization, the most unique and most refined ever known among men. For you might find here not merely all that could contribute to the highest gratification, from the world of sense. There was also every thing that could minister to the most exalted pleasures from the world of intellect. Cordova was the schoolmaster of the nations. Law, medicine, the exact sciences, philosophy, theology were eminently cultivated within these dilapidated walls, ages before their study was commenced beyond the Pyrenees. Even the intolerance of race and of religion—a prejudice the most irrational, though the most deep-rooted—lost all its bitterness and grossness in Moorish Cordova, under the soft touch of a policy at once as wise as it was liberal. Abdurrahman, the Mohammedan, practiced in the eighth century, a lesson which, many a christian teacher and ruler in the nineteenth has still to learn. He accorded to the Spanish christians the largest religious toleration. And he solved that difficult problem in political philosophy, which yet vexes our statesmanship, how to bring into harmonious unity, races separated by the widest diversities.

Would you know what Cordova is? Behold her tomb! A wretched town of 50,000 souls!

> "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
> How is she become as a widow, that was great among the nations!"

For what follies or for what crimes, the judgments have fallen, as lightning from Heaven, upon this beautiful valley, we presume not to inquire. But, as we pass down the winding stairs of the minaret, and catch the deep tones of the solemn organ, calling the people to vespers, we remember, that the portal, through which we now see an occasional worshipper enter, was thronged for long centuries by the devotees of a false God!

SKETCH OF GEN. A. P. HILL.

Ambrose Powel Hill was the son of Major Thomas Hill, a respected and prominent citizen of Culpepper, Va., and bore the name of his paternal uncle, Capt. A. P. Hill, himself an honored representative of the same county. Powel was the youngest of four sons, and was born at his father's country home, called Greenland, ten miles west of Culpepper C. H., on the 9th November, 1825. He was of slender frame and delicate health, but of a handsome person and strangely fascinating manner. In intellect, he was quick and retentive; in disposition, cordial and affectionate; and in sensibility, eminently refined. During his boyhood, he attended the neighborhood school; his first teacher being the Rev. Andrew Broadus, then just entering upon his career, as a leader in the pursuit of truth and knowledge. Major Hill now moved to Culpepper C. H., and Powel was placed under the instruction of Mr. A. G. Simms, at whose institution he remained some years. A noble and gener-

ous youth, he was loved by teacher and companions; nor were these school-boy friendships ignored or forgotten by the Lieutenant General. Having progressed well in his studies, at the age of seventeen, he left Bleak Hill and entered West Point. At this place, he was classed with Burnside and McClellan, and other officers conspicuous among our enemies during the late war. With the latter, he was on terms of great intimacy; and a subsequent visit of the hero of the Chickahominy to the home of his Virginia schoolmate, bound yet closer the ties to be so rudely torn in the unforeseen war. In 1847, he graduated at West Point with high honors, and was sent with his class to Mexico. Always brave and dauntless, he here gave many evidences of his courage, and was promoted for gallantry to the rank of First Lieutenant: nor were there wanting signs of the genius which afterward threw lustre on the Southern name. Entering with Scott the city of the Montezumas, he remained in Mexico until the return of the troops. He was then stationed with his command in Florida, and served actively in the Indian wars. His health now became very poor, and the poisons of that wide-spread swamp induced yellow fever, which so prostrated his system that he obtained leave of several months' absence. During this time, he spoke of traveling, in company with his friend McClellan, on the continent of Europe, but was disappointed; and instead of receiving pleasure among the storied scenes of ancient greatness, he remained in his western home, himself the joy of many hearts, the medium of most intense happiness to others. It was during this stay at his paternal home, I first remember him. As a gay Lieutenant, social and sportive, I recall his manner and appearance; and the narrow escapes and bloody encounters, told of Mexican and Indian wars, burned on my childish memory indelible traces. In later years, I rarely met him; yet often enough to see that he still wore the charm which captivated the child, and that even the stern duties of mature manhood did not destroy the wonderful gentleness of his fine gray eye. Subsequently, he was transferred from the army to the coast survey, which more properly belonged to the navy; where he acquired a reputation for dispatch of business and urbanity of manner, so very rare, that Congress remarked upon it. Whilst in this position, he was married, on the 18th July, 1859, to Mrs. McClung, formerly Miss K. G. Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., and a sister of the gallant John H. Morgan, of that place.

Capt. Hill held the office in Washington, until the beginning of the war, when he promptly resigned, and offered his services to his mother State. He was immediately made Colonel of the 13th Virginia infantry, and stationed at Harper's Ferry. Of his untiring devotion to our cause, and able services in the field, I may not speak. To his ceaseless care of his men, every veteran of the 13th will testify; and to his honor be it said, in every position he held, the health, comfort and safety of his brave comrades were held as inferior only to the imperative call of the country. His own life was held no more sacred than a private's; and at Williamsburg, where he commanded so ably, and won a Major General's wreath, he twice saved by his own hand, an unknown private, who was struggling in personal combat. During many campaigns, Gen. Hill was too feeble to continue on horseback, and was dragged from field to field, yet unwilling to be absent from the post of duty and danger. In the campaign of 1864, from Orange C. H. to Richmond, was this the case, though his attending physicians

were then urging his brothers to use their influence to save his services to his country, by inducing him to rest. But no entreaty could avail; the iron will of the brave man spared not his feeble frame. He had returned from a furlough *coerced* by his commanding General, in the hope of recruiting his health, on Friday before the fatal Sunday on which he fell. Of the daring and energy which exposed him to the cruel shot, all have heard; over the fatal result, a nation yet mourns. Yet why mourn we? For him there was no surrender, no defeat, but falling in his unstained uniform, and under the flag for which he fought, he at least died *free!* And though he knew no tender care, as did Jackson, no weeping friends, as did Stuart, the swift-winged messenger of death left neither wanting. His death groan was lost in the roar of the battle, his death couch moistened with the blood of his comrades, and for his requiem was heard a nation's wail. Hurriedly and silently, his body was laid in a quiet spot on the banks of the James, while war-worn brothers wept over their brave comrade, their best beloved leader. Louder and louder was the roar, nearer yet nearer, came the cruel foe, and the sacred dust was left with its Maker alone. But soon, in Hollywood, by the side of his world-renowned brother, John H. Morgan, the ashes of A. P. Hill shall slumber; and though the cold marble record his deeds of fame, his noblest memorial shall be written on each returning 10th of May, when the weeping daughters of the South shall scatter over his grave the flowery tokens of undying love.

JOHN BROWN, HE WHOSE "SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

The trite saying that "History is perpetually repeating itself," finds strong illustration in the record of enthusiasm, which is excited so often by great crimes, and in behalf of great criminals. All are cognizant of the profane and blasphemous worship so widely offered to the ruffian, horse thief and murderer, executed a few years ago at Harper's Ferry.—Garibaldi perhaps excelled the rest in the religious intensity of his admiration, but Victor Hugo was not far behind him.

There was nothing original, however, in their strongest language and most "odious comparisons." Similar phases—very nearly the same words—were employed to express similar sentiments in the case of Jaques Clement, the assassin of the Ex-Huguenot King Henry III., of France, and in that of the atrocious Marat. I copy from St. Edme's "*Causes Celebres*," the following statements, translating as literally as possible, in reference to the latter:

"An orator appointed for the occasion, read a formal discourse during the celebration of the obsequies of that 'Friend of the People,' held in the Garden of the Luxembourg, where a sort of altar (*reposoir*) had been arranged for offering the heart of Marat to the veneration and gratitude of patriots.' In this discourse the orator 'compared the labors of the son of Mary with those of the 'Friend of the People.' Sacred Heart of Jesus! Sacred Heart of Marat!' he exclaimed. 'The Apostles were the Jacobins and Cordeliers of their day; the Publicans were the Shopkeepers; the Pharisees the Aristocrats.' In the procession a *hymn was sung* in honor of Marat." S. H. D.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL IN GETTYSBURG.

The battle of Gettysburg will ever live in history, as the most stupendous struggle of the war, and North Carolina will always look back upon it, as a page in her history bedewed with the blood of some of her noblest sons. It was here the gallant Pender received his mortal wound. Pettigrew painfully wounded refused to leave the field, and of his brigade, eleven field officers being present, the report showed after the fight,—field officers killed, four—wounded, seven—total, eleven. Burgwyn, Marshall, Richardson* and Ross, noble souls! here fought their last fight. While the record of our beloved State was illumined by the gallant conduct and bloody sacrifice of a host of others, such as Kenan, Lewis, Leventhorpe, Lane, Parker and Jones, whose names should be honored by North Carolinians, as long as gratitude maintains a place within our bosoms. And the field officers of Pettigrew's brigade were not all that freely bled in that gigantic contest. It was here the gallant Hughes, his Adjutant General, received wounds from which he shortly afterwards died, and McRary, another of his staff officers, was killed leading the 26th regiment in a charge, after its Colonel had fallen. Lieutenant Robinson, ordnance officer, also was wounded, and the adjutants of the different regiments all were killed or wounded except one.—And here it may not be amiss to give an instance of devotion, not commonly seen even in *our* army. The Adjutant of the 47th North Carolina, was in the hospital, eight miles to the rear, quite sick, when the first day's fight commenced, and on hearing the cannonading, he walked out against the urgent remonstrance of the surgeon, and mounted the first horse he could find, and rode to the field in time to join in the grand charge, and went through the whole battle—though unable to act in his position,—receiving a wound in the knee, and losing his right eye from a buck shot, in the attack on Cemetery Heights, the third day. Among the company officers, the losses were terribly severe, several lost three out of four, and the privates, equal in bravery to the best, left two-thirds of their comrades upon that hard fought field before our final repulse on the third.

"July 7th. To-day I was carried to the hospital." I shall never forget that day. The suffering I had undergone, during the four or five preceding days, I will not recall. It was the College Hospital I was carried to, and to my joy I was placed in a small room with five others of my own brigade, two of them intimate friends, from whom I had parted in our last day's fight. Here we were furnished with one blanket apiece, which had to serve as bed and covering. The building had a short time before been filled with students, but they had all gone before the approach of our army, and most of the furniture had been removed; except in some of the rooms, a few beds had been left, which were a god-send to those, who were fortunate enough to be put in them. In this hospital, there were six hundred of our wounded men, and about five of our surgeons remained with them. And here let me remark of the inefficiency of our medical department, besides the great want of

*Major Richardson of the 52d North Carolina, was brutally murdered on the field after being shot down.

medicines in our army, it has been my experience and observation, generally, that one yankee surgeon was worth half a dozen of ours. In our hospitals at home, it might have been different, but their discipline was so much superior to ours, and it extended to officers as well as men ; and if a surgeon did not do his duty, he was dismissed from the service.

As a consequence of the small number of surgeons left with us, our men in the hospital suffered much. Unless it was a case of amputation needed immediately or the stopping of a hemorrhage, they had not time to attend to any one. Thus for the first two weeks, there were no nurses, no medicines, no kinds of food proper for men in our cond.tion, our supply being two or three hard crackers a day with a small piece of fat pork, with now and then a cup of poor coffee ; and for men who were reduced to mere skeletons from severe wounds and loss of blood, the floor was a hard bed with only a blanket on it. And it is strange how cold wounded men will get, even in the warmest weather. I saw one poor fellow on the field, named Hammond, from Anne Arundel county, Maryland, who was riddled with balls and slowly dying. He continually asked to be covered up, "he was so cold," and I put my jacket over him though *I* too was shivering with cold, yet it was in July.

Day after day passed by with no difference, the same hard floor, the same hard crackers, the same want of attention, and it had its effect on the men, as is always the case. We each day became weaker and thinner until a certain point was reached, then if our wounds were curable, nature began to revive the wasted frame ; if they were not, a little struggle, a low moan, and the poor emaciated skeleton, of what was once a man, was wrapped in a blanket and borne from our sight forever.

Many have sat by the bed of dying persons watching the spirit struggling to be free, and know how sad it is, but in a hospital with hundreds around you dying, and you not knowing but that in a few days you too will go after them, and will have no one near who can help or comfort you,—ah this is more than sad. And in that hospital,—those weary days,—those restless nights, ah mothers, sisters, wives, at home, your presence was the sunshine needed in those gloomy hours, it was the heart yearning for you, that showed itself in quivering lips and moistened eyes. Yet we were not wholly forsaken. one day as I lay waiting, I heard a lady's voice, it was sweet music to my ears. A few moments afterwards, two ladies from Baltimore came into our room. To speak a few kind words, to ask us what was our principal wants, to promise to come soon again, and whisper as they left "poor things"—this was all.—But next day, more came and then more, until every hospital had two or more of "our angels," as we used to call them, doing their works of mercy. And what they did, and what they told us, and what they had passed through for us, what tongue can tell ? How I remember one pale sad face, as it leaned over me and told the sad story. She was from Southern Pennsylvania, as many other noble women and men were. Her only brother was in our army, and when we entered the State, she was so hopeful she would soon see him, and when we came to the town he lived in, he was so anxious to see her that he went in with the skirmish line, and exposing himself too much was killed just in sight of his home; and how when our army had gone, her neighbors carried her to his body and shewed it to her, spit upon it, and kicked it about, calling him "rebel" and "dog," and none of them would bury him for her, and how he lay

there, until some of our soldiers, left behind to wait on the wounded, buried him, and then she said her life henceforth should be spent in our service, feeding our prisoners, and nursing our sick and wounded. After leaving Gettysburg, I never heard of her, but wherever she be, the good angels guard and watch over her. Not very far from Gettysburg, there were other ladies living, who came and did all they could for us, many of them belonging to families, who had moved from the South, and whose brothers and friends were, principally, in our service.

But the ladies of Baltimore were preëminently the persons, to whom we were indebted for everything that made our situation bearable. For weeks, they had been preparing for the entry of Lee into Maryland,—into Baltimore, and comforts, clothing, delicacies of every description, they had hoarded up, hoping soon to be able to distribute them, with their own fair hands, among the men, who were fighting for the cause they loved; and when the dreadful news of our repulse reached them, their first thought was to visit our hospitals and supply our wants. What if passports to leave the city on the railroad were denied to all except those who would take "the oath;" did they not take their carriages and ride through the country? What if the bridges were guarded did they not ford or ferry the stream? And when the hotel keepers in Gettysburg were ordered not to receive them in their houses; did they not go to the houses of private citizens, stay in barns and outhouses, or remain with us day and night in the hospital, reclining in a chair or resting on the floor, in a room of the building we vacated for them, when sleep would overcome them? What if large trunks full of comforts for us were seized on their arrival; did they not go back to Baltimore and return with dresses that had pockets as large as haversacks and almost numberless? And, finally, when every plan to thwart them had failed, and the yankees hoped by personal hardships inflicted upon them, and by insults directly given, to drive them away; did they not tell the yankees to their faces they had come prepared to bear insults and wrongs for the men they loved? Or as I heard one put it in very strong language (speaking to an officer who had the politeness to apologise for a false accusation made against her, which caused her arrest,) "I want no apology, we came here expecting and prepared for this, we can bear it for the cause; *to us* contact with such as you is synonomous with insult, *there* is the door." And when we were in prison, and until we were prevented from receiving supplies from friends; did they not do all in their power to clothe and feed us? Yes, many after using all the money their husbands could afford to spare, actually sold their jewels. And since the close of the war, even to-day, the unfortunate of the South are the recipients of that same bountiful charity.

Then let it not be said by history that Maryland was not true to the South, let it not be said by the Southern people, she gave not her share. Her 12,000 sons scattered through an hundred commands, did not equal N. Carolina's numbers in proportion to population, but there was no conscripts among *them*, and the soil of unnumbered battle-fields from Manassa to Appomattox can tell how true was their faith, and pluck. Her men in *numbers* did not fill the measure, but their devotion, the oppression of her citizens during the war,—the disfranchisement of three-fourths, the dungeons of McHenry and Carroll, the charity of her women and their constancy in adversity as well as prosperity, these, all these, will place Maryland a peer among our best.

Often during the long sleepless nights, the events and incidents of the late battle would pass through my mind. I recollected the first wounded yankee I passed over on the first day; how piteously he begged for help, saying, "he knew we would whip them," that "he didn't want to fight us any more," &c., &c. He was probably some poor mother's craven-hearted son, but it is astonishing how cowards can be made to fight; I saw that well illustrated during the fight. At one point, where we had carried a portion of the line, and were struggling desperately for the rest, I, with my own eyes, saw several officers standing in rear of their line of battle, with cowhides or whips in their hands, seizing every one that attempted to run, and whipping them back to the fight. I saw more than one strike the men over their heads with the butt of the whip, slash them across their faces, pull them by their collars, and kick them back to their positions. Another instance:—After my capture, I saw a squad of fifteen or twenty making for the rear, and just as they were crossing a road, General Patrick, the Provost General of the army, came galloping along, and espied them. Riding up to them, he drew his sword, and asked where they were going, &c. Some said they were wounded, others said they had lost their guns; each had his tale. "No!" said General Patrick, "damn you, you are skulkers; go back to the line," and he commenced whacking them over the head, making the blood flow profusely, and forcing the skulkers to take the back track.

In addition to the rigid discipline maintained by such violent means, everything was done to excite and keep up the spirits of the men.—At that time, General McClellan was undoubtedly the favorite of the army of the Potomac, and after the fight commenced, the men were told that he was in command. At one time, on the third day, when the battle was at its height, an officer on horseback arrived on the field, and rode down the line, and I saw wounded and dying men rise up and hurrah for McClellan, thinking that it was he. I afterwards heard that it was General Butterfield.

One of the few instances of kindness I met with, I must not forget to mention. On the —, day after I was wounded, Col. Bryan, of the 18th Pennsylvania cavalry, found me on the field, had my wounds washed, and gave me drink and food, treating me as kindly and respectfully, as if I had been one of his own officers, and failing to get a surgeon to dress my wound, had me sent to the hospital. His timely assistance most probably saved the life of a mighty good "reb," who will ever gratefully remember him.

Nor must I forget the Northern ladies, who were connected with the "Sanitary Commissions," though they did enter our rooms in the hospital, with always the expression "poor rebels," and now and then gave us a cracker or slice of bread covered with apple butter, saying, "see how kind the ladies of Pennsylvania are to you, though you came here to invade *our* land, and kill *our* brothers and husbands." For what they did, I thank them, and suppose they were not to blame for not seeing both sides. They also brought us reading matter, "such as it was," tracts on the sin of slavery, &c., and particularly a Sunday School newspaper, published in the "city of learning," the "modern Athens," the "hub of the universe,"—Boston, Mass. It was called "The Gospel Banner," and on the first page of every issue was a large "star-spangled banner," in colors. Its reading was on a par with that of the tracts, interspersed with war *stories*. One I recollect. It was to illustrate the heroism of the

African race, and went on to say, "that in the spring of 1863, when Washington, N. C. was surrounded by the rebels, a boat of soldiers was sent across the river one morning, just before day, to reconnoitre, and that in it was one negro servant, that just as the boat reached the shore on the other side, hundreds of concealed rebels rose up and commenced firing into it, killing and wounding most of the men, that the others laid down on the bottom of the boat, and the water being shallow, the boat ran aground, and in this condition the negro rose up, and seeing that the soldiers were lying still and being riddled by bullets, said, 'if no one was going to help shove the boat off, he was going to try it, and was willing to give his life for the country;' and, stepping out in water only knee deep, shoved the boat off, jumped in, and fell dead, pierced by a dozen bullets." As I read, I recollected that *I* was near Washington at that time under General D. H. Hill, and happened to be near the boat when *it* arrived; Lieutenant R—, of the 47th, who was still nearer, (only a few feet from it,) says he saw "nary nigger." I *know* there was none that shoved the boat off, for the water was deep, and the boat did not touch the shore. So much for the truth of the *story*.—For the good their literature did us, I thank them.

The last few days I spent at Gettysburg, I was able to walk out in the grove surrounding the building, owing to attention bestowed upon me by our indefatigable nurses. The cool air, freed from the impure effects of sloughing wounds, had a most exhilirating effect. It was here that I first observed the ingenuity in cutting and fashioning trinkets with a knife. Two or three had become expert in the art, and many a dollar from the ladies repaid some private for a few hours whittling in white pine, and many a house in Baltimore has its specimen of rebel handicraft, ranging from the plain wooden fan, ornamented with red and white ribbon, to the costly gutta percha bracelet inlaid with gold, and pearl set with diamonds. Of course, this happiness of ours, to have attention shown us by "she rebels," and that in a "loyal" (?) State, could not last long. So as soon as the men could possibly bear moving, they were sent off to the regular hospital in the cities, or to one of the various prisons in the North, where no voice of sympathy could reach them.

One of the most villainous acts of our keepers, while at the College Hospital—besides the insults offered the ladies—was this: when our men were brought to the building, all of them being wounded, were more or less covered with blood and dirt, and the ladies from Baltimore made arrangements with a sympathizer, who lived near, to have all the washing done that would be needed at the hospital, and they would pay for it. As soon as the yankees found out this was being done, they stopped it, making many of the men who were unable to obtain a change of under-clothing, lie for weeks in clothing covered with a mass of putrid blood. After our friends came, the majority of us got at least a part of a change of clothing, but it must be recollected that there were over ten thousand to supply, and that through a pretty strict blockade.

I received hat, shoes, handkerchiefs, brush, combs, &c., in addition to under-clothing, and when it came my time to leave, I felt like I was equipped for a whole campaign. The day before I was sent off, I was notified that I would leave on the morrow. One would ask, "have you a tooth-brush?—You had better take another, and a comb or hair brush; take this and give it to some friend you

meet, who has none; and this bunch of segars, perhaps you will feel strong enough to smoke on the way; and this cologne or bay-water, I am sure it will refresh you, should you feel sick." Could such kindness be surpassed? But where were we going? To be exchanged of course, that was invariably the answer every yankee would give a prisoner, whenever he was to be moved anywhere, and asked where he was to be sent. At last the day came; we were put in a lot of box cars, as thick as we could lie upon the floor, bade adieu to our friends, promised to write often, and the train started. In my diary I find entered: "July 25th. To-day we left Gettysburg for ———."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HAVERSACK.

Another of the "Six Heroes of Petersburg," belongs to the old North State! A goodly proportion for so loyal a State. From Byhalia, Mississippi, we learn that this fourth hero was private Wm. Guffey, lately of company K, 49th N. C. regiment, now of the loyal and true county of Gaston, N. C.

Capt. T. J. Adams writes to us:

"Private Wm. Guffey, of my company, while rubbing up his 'field piece,' as he was pleased to call his rifle, had the misfortune to have it smashed up by a mortar shell. He was more enraged than frightened by the occurrence, and uttered a very uncomplimentary expression against the whole yankee race. When seeing the shell with the fuse burning rapidly, and almost ready to explode the dreadful missile, he cried out—'Why, there's the darned old thing frying now,' and immediately seizing it, he threw it over the works."

There is a big bomb-shell "rolling around loose" in our noble State, threatening to blow her back into a territorial condition. Since our gallant soldiers have been so expert in throwing overboard mischievous projectiles, can no one toss out of the trenches this fizzing, frying, incendiary shell? After all, the hissing, sputtering "old thing" may not be a bomb-shell, but only a North Carolina pumpkin, with a very fussy, but very harmless, fuze stuck in it. If so, 'tis fitter to feed swine than to frighten the heroes of Petersburg.

From Natchez, Mississippi, we get the next anecdote:

As a Cavalry courier was dashing along the Winchester turnpike, after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, he was suddenly halted by a bare-foot infantry soldier, who, looking curiously at his big spurs, said—"excuse me, Mr. Cavalryman, but it is my duty to warn you not to ride upon this here road." "Why should I not ride on this road?" replied the gay trooper. "Well, you see," answered the footman, "it is all along of the intrust I feels in you, for you see the old General (Lee) has offered a thousand dollars to any feller who will find a dead man with spurs on, and I was kinder 'fraid some rascal would knock you over to get the money." The bold dragoon evinced, by language more energetic than Chesterfieldian, his gratitude for the well-meant kindness.

On another occasion, a trooper passed by and saw a foot soldier

earnestly examining his shirt. On forced marches and with few changes of clothing, this occupation was, alas! but too often necessary, from the commanding general to the private. In camp, it was called "skirmish drill," but received from a charming lady the more euphonious name of "reading linen." The cavalryman shouted—"Hallo, web-foot, what are you doing?" "Well, you see," replied the footman, pointing to an oil-cloth hanging over his head, "I've histed the black flag, and been a tryin' to kill all these critters, but they are jist like the yankees, the more on 'em you kill, they more on 'em is left. So I'll jist parole the balance on 'em, and let 'em go." So saying, he picked up his oil-cloth, threw away his shirt and marched on, trusting to the next battle to supply him with an article, which needed no black flag hoisted over it. W. J.

Our kind friend, T. H. B. M., of Parkersburg, West Virginia, furnishes the next three incidents:

William McG., of 36th Virginia Infantry, was a good shot. At the battle of Fort Donelson, Bill saw a yankee's head peering above a stump; pointing his gun in that direction he fired. The yankee remained with his gun leveled across the stump. Bill re-loaded, fired, once, twice, thrice, four times, with the same result. Turning to his brother, he said—"Charley, do you see that yankee behind that stump? I have fired five shots at his head, and cannot make him withdraw it. You give him a shot." Just then the line was advanced, and Bill made for the stump. The yankee still held his position, with *five holes in his cranium.* "Bill" sleeps with many of his comrades in the valley of Virginia.

Private A. C. Stowe, of N. H. Rangers, now numbered with the Confederate dead, was noted for his coolness in battle and his eccentricities. After firing, he always looked intently at the object of his aim; in giving his reasons therefor he said—"If I can see which way they dodge, I will know how to shoot next time."

There was brought before the Examining Board of our brigade an individual, who claimed exemption on account of deafness. This individual prided himself on his skill with the violin. After being complimented highly by the Board, he was asked if he could *tune* a violin as well as he could play on one. Elated with the compliments of the Board, he assured them he could: —— he was assigned to duty. T. H. B. M.

Sergeant P—, was placed on provost duty at ———. Most faithfully did he serve, and very successful was he in breaking bottles and demijohns, and in knocking in the heads of barrels full of the juice of corn, rye, apples and peaches. But very disagreeable was the task to the honest soldier, and the fumes of the broken vessels brought up almost maddening recollections of the old cellar under the store at home, now all left to his lucky partner. He wrote to this friend a most touching account of the struggle between duty and inclination. The old ballad came up to his remembrance, "water, water every where, but not a drop to drink." In his worse than shipwrecked condition, it was "liquor, liquor all around, but not a gill for me." He ended his pathetic letter by a gentle hint to his partner about his visits to the cellar aforesaid; "in short, my dear friend, I have reached such a point of extreme thirst that I would give five dollars in gold for a single smell of your breath." Honor to the brave man, who so conscientiously performed his duty in such a season of drought.

It was one of the peculiarities of General ——, to put Irish sol-

diers to guard the commissary liquors. Whether he thought that they felt their responsibility more than other soldiers, when on guard, or that they would keep a more zealous watch over an article they loved so well, we do not know, we only know the fact that he always chose Irishmen for this special service. Some old comrades may remember how one Peter McIntyre, by a vigorous use of his bayonet, kept off a raid upon some Mexican liquor in the black fort at Monterey; and how the same Peter, when his tour of duty was over, joined himself in a more successful foray upon the same stores.

"Do you iver have any yankees in your army?" asked a rebel Pat of a U. S. prisoner. "I guess there be," replied the other with a twang, which O. W. Holmes would have recognised, but which Patrick seemed not to regard as distinctive. "They must all be horse-majors and cow-majors thin," continued Pat. "What be they?" asked Jonathan, (not yet *brother* Jonathan.) "Och, that's what the ribels call the quarthermasters and commissaries riding round, pretending to get us clothes and rations. Faith, me boy, you yankees must be after following the same trade, for divil a one do we ever catch." "There be lots of Americans in our army, I be an American myself," said Jonathan. "And do you tache them all to talk dutch?" "No." "Well thin, me jewel, you tache them all to be smart thin, for I niver laid me two eyes upon a yankee afore."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, the Northern papers contained a most affecting account of an interview between Mr. Lincoln and the rebel wounded, who had been taken prisoners. It told how kindly he addressed these deluded wretches, and pointed out to them the sinfulness of their course, and how they wept and professed penitence, and made earnest vows of future good conduct. Few could read the thrilling *story*, without being *moved* by it. We had some few doubts about some of the minor details, and inquired the particulars of our clerk, Mr. Ellis, of the 4th Georgia regiment, who had been a wounded prisoner, at the time and place indicated. He said that Mr. Lincoln did not come closer to them than three hundred yards, and that the nearest approach to an interchange of sentiments was when some of the least wounded cried out to him, "Halloo, Old Abe, let us have a lock of your hair." Mr. L. rode on and the lock of hair, we regret to say, was not given. However, the wish to get it showed kind feeling, and was a sufficient ground for the beautiful myth, about tears and penitence.

As the soldiers of Lee's corps were wading along through the "slush" after the battle of Bentonville, a citizen rode by on an anatomy of a horse, all covered over with mud, and with tail and mane matted up with burs and Spanish needles. A soldier accosted the sorry looking rider of the pitiable pony, and bantered him for a purchase.

Soldier. How much will you take for your horse?

Citizen. Five hundred dollars.

Soldier. Agreed! give me the *charger*.

Citizen. Where's your money?

Soldier. We dont have any of that kind of thing in our army.—But I have two years' pay due me, and I'll give that for the war steed.

Citizen. I'd rather have the money.

Soldier. And I'd rather have the horse!

Citizen. You're just joking.—They wont let an infantry soldier ride.

Soldier. Bless your soul! I never thought of riding that *thing*. I only wanted it to cheer me up.

Citizen. How could my horse do that?

Soldier. Well, I thought of trying to drive him along, so that I might have the comfort of seeing something dirtier, poorer and meaner looking than myself!

The citizen was not patriotic enough to part with his horse, from the laudable motive of comforting a soldier, and poor Jack —— was left without his anticipated consolation.

General Taylor landed at Corpus Christi in the summer of 1845, with a portion of the 3d and 4th infantry, and Bragg's battery without guns. Learning that the Mexicans were about to advance upon him, he began to throw up some earthworks under the direction of Captain Larned, as the acting engineer officer. The weather was intensely hot, and the sun reflected from the bay the shells and the sand, peeled most unmercifully, the skin off from the lips and noses of the soldiers, toiling away at the intrenchments.—There are those still living, who will recollect a conversation between two Irishmen in a fatigue party, under Lieutenant George H. Thomas, the loyal Virginian, who became a Major General in the U. S. Army.

Dennis. Do you know, Pat, me boy, how many skins a mon has on his nose?

Patrick. No. What do you mane by the likes of that?

Dennis. Well, you see, I've paled (peeled) off three afore this, and I jist wanted to know how many more were a comin!

The South has been peeled of the Confederacy. She has been peeled of her negroes. She has been peeled of her currency. The Haversack, like poor Dennis, wants to know how many more skinnings are a coming. May our people have strength given them, to look forward to the next peeling, with the imperturbable good humor of Dennis Mahoney, and regard it simply as an interesting question in physiology.

At the time of the first invasion of Maryland, there was no more loyal city than Frederick. The Dixie soldiers were often treated with the greatest contempt, and "My Maryland" lost half its sweetness to their ears. All the "Army of Northern Virginia," will remember a Southern major, with a long white beard. Chesterfield was not more distinguished than he for urbanity and courtesy. His bearing towards the ladies was more than courtly, it was profoundly deferential. Well, as the grey coats filed through the loyal city, the good major, seated on his horse in the principal square, cheered each tattered flag as it passed by, in the most enthusiastic manner. At length, made hoarse and thirsty by his vociferations on that sultry day, he rode up to a window and in his blandest tones asked a lady looking out of it, for a glass of water. She had been watching him for some time, with intense vexation depicted in her face. But of this, he was happily ignorant. "No," replied she, "you hoary-headed rebel, I would not give you a drop, unless I thought 'twould choke you." Imagine the feelings of the politest man in the army at a rebuff, which was all the more galling as there was *no* youth and beauty to palliate the rudeness. The town was full of lovely girls, but this lady was not of their order. For some moments, the major looked as though struck by a shell, but recovering himself, he raised his cap, made the *lady* a low bow and in his sweetest and gentlest tones, said, "Madam, your ugliness excuses your want of politeness."—There was a *look* from the eyes in

that window. Were you ever near a flash of lightning?

E. A. Wilson, Esq., of Seguin, Texas, corrects a mistake in the November number of the Haversack. He says it was the First, and not the Fourth Texas, which lost its flag at Sharpsburg. The loss of the flag, under the circumstances, was far more honorable than to have saved it. The loss was due to trying to keep it on the field, against odds of ten to one. However, we do not wish to misrepresent the gallant Fourth, and accordingly, the Haversack goes *forth* corrected.

The letter of Mr. Wilson brings up an incident of the first day's fight at Sharpsburg, which had almost escaped us. The writer of this placed a battery on a hill to the right of Hood, to aid him in meeting the enemy's attack.—Finding the attack more formidable than at first expected, he brought up two or three more batteries farther to the right, and remained until the firing ceased, probably an hour after dark. As he rode back to his own command, he was called by name by a soldier conducting a prisoner. "What shall I do with this yankee, sir?" "Where did you get him?"—"Well, you see, I didn't wake when our men retreated from the mountain the other night. When I awoke, 'twas broad daylight, and I found myself all alone.—Soon this yankee came creeping through the bushes. I drew a bead upon him and told him to come with me, and *he came.*"—"Where have you been for the last three days?" "Well, I've been *flanking* around generally, to keep out of the way of the yankee cavalry."

The incident is very remarkable, but it is entirely authentic. I did not know the soldier, but he knew me in the dark, and that removes the suspicion, which has sometimes occurred that he was one of McClellan's scouts. Perhaps, some of our readers can give the name of the gallant man. It should belong to history.

The next anecdote comes from Oxford, N. C., and as it is an *anecdote* merely, and not an incident of heroism, we give it a place, though not accompanied by any name. We would here say that this is the first instance of publication without a responsible name, and 'twill be the last. Our soldier friends must give us their names and regiments. We want the Haversack to contain fact and not fiction. And should our record be questioned, at any time, we wish to set ourselves right before the public.

BURNT THEM UP.—During the retreat of the Confederates through South Carolina, sergeant McD—, of western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M—, where a regiment of home guards were stationed.—These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly enquiring the news. "News?" says Mack, solemnly, "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little too, but it's not of much importance; *old Hardee burnt up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands.*" Mack walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

A gallant cavalry officer, who is said to have made the last charge for the lost cause, sends us the next anecdote from Newnan, Georgia. He writes that he has been off on a courting expedition to Carolina, but for two whole days forgot his lady-love, while reading the back numbers of the Haversack. As we always advocated the marriage of soldiers, we are sorry to learn this, and hope that the fair lady has not sacked him for his want of appreciation

of her charms, during those two neglectful days.

After Sherman, with his host of destructives, swept through Georgia, the originally poor counties of Scriven, Effingham, and Bullock, were in the fullest sense of that—to soldiers, *distasteful*—term "eat-out." What the three infantry columns of the arson-king left, Kilpatrick, the torch-bearer for Sherman, tried to destroy; what *he* trampled under foot, Wheeler's half-clad, half-starved followers eagerly picked up for themselves and horses; and the "cits," as the boys used to call them, old and young, were, in good earnest, in a fair way to "go up" for the want of something for the "inner man." One evening, while your correspondent was *en route* from Sister's Ferry to the mouth of Brier Creek, after a steamer in which to cross Allan's division to the Carolina side, he saw, on the road-side, a long, lean, lank, lantern-jawed, tallow-faced, dirt-eating, transparent, musquito-defying, gopher-loving youth, seemingly about twelve years of age, and with a voice about as shrill, as the treble of a Scotch bag-pipe, with great energy and all the strength he was master of, turning nervously the light gray earth, with a wooden spade made for the purpose. You may imagine that I was curious to know what he was about, for there was nothing that I could see to dig for but pine roots, and, I did not think the citizens could be reduced to such straights for food.

Soldier-like, I did not hesitate to question him, in regard to his work, and asked him plainly what he was doing. In his shrill, cracked voice, he fairly screamed—"Can't you see, mister, I'm diggin' a hoel."

"Yes," said I, "my lad, I can; but what are you digging after?" intending, if my fears were verified, and he was in reality after pine roots, to give him the contents of my haversack, which were scanty enough, I assure you.—This time, he merely let slip between grunts, "Gopher."

"Do you think you'll catch him?" I ventured to ask. This time, he laid his wooden spade down, and turned full upon me, (the first time he had done so during the confab,) his sallow face: on it was a look of supreme contempt, as if for my ignorance of gopher hunting, and his destitute condition, and then he replied with curled lip and upturned nose, "Ketch him, h—ll—I'm *bound* to ketch him, we're out o' meat."

T.

We heard a soldier, at a depot in Georgia, give an account to a very appreciative crowd, of the surprise of the enemy's camp at Cedar Creek, by the troops under Early; and of their own subsequent defeat and utter rout, on the same day. "We tuk the yankees on a sudden jist at daylight, and run 'em out'n thar camps.—Jerusalem! how they did run, jist like rabbits and the boys arter them! They woz so skeered, they didn't stop to shoot at us. Want thar good things in them yankee camps? You better believe me thar war; cheese, and herrin, and mac'rel, and coffee, and boots, and injun rubber fixins. 'T war the biggest store I ever see. I fairly eat till I war sick. Then I lied down and tuk a nap. I hadn't got half sleep 'nuff, when I hearn the boys a hollering "the yankees!" I kinder rubbed my eyes, and thar war the yankee cavalry a comin' shore 'nuff, the horses snortin' and cavortin,' and the yankee cusses a whoopin' and a hollerin'. I had four par of cavalry boots round my neck, when I lied down to sleep. One for me, one for daddy, one for Bill and one for Sam; Bill and Sam is my brothers, you know. But when I see the yankees a comin', sez I to myself, sez I, 'these

old shoes will do me to tramp in a while longer.' I jist throwed 'way one par and then I tuk to my scrapers. Didn't this child run? Gentle*men*, did you ever see a deer run with the hounds arter him? Pshaw! 'twas a baby runnin' to the way I run. I looked round and see a yankee a comin' on a big black horse, with his cuttin' knife raised up to slick off my head. I could feel the hot ar from the horse's mouth a blowin' on me, like a steam ingine."—"Why didn't you shoot the yankee?" asked one of the excited crowd. "Stranger, how kin a man shoot with nary a gun. Do you think when I started a trottin', I toted that gun with me?—Nary a time. I never thought wonst of my gun. No, stranger, I didn't shoot that yankee.—I jist throwed Bill's boots at his head, and *the feller stopped to git 'em.* Didn't I heel it then? But he wos a comin' agin, and I shied Sam's boots at him, and he *stopped for 'em too.* Sez I to myself, sez I, 'I'll save your boots, daddy.' But that perseverin' yankee was a comin' agin, and daddy's boots had to go too. I war gettin' powerful weak like, and everything about me feeled kinder heavy. So as I run, I poked my hand in my pocket, tuk out my knife, and screw-driver, and wiper, and my last chaw tobaccer, which Bill Sykes gin me, and I throwed 'em all away. But that aggravatin' black horse was a blowin' his steam on me agin, and hadn't thar been some bushes thar, I'd a gone up sartin. The yankee stopped at them bushes, *but I didn't.* Gentle*men*, I would have been runnin' yet, hadn't been for an acci-*dent.*" "What was that?" inquired a listener. "Well, as I war a runnin', I met one of our cavalry couriers, and he *coaxed* me to stop." "How did he do that?" "Well, he jist said that he war sent by old Jubal to stop stragglers, and he put a pistol at my head and swore powerful, and said he would blow my brains out, if I didn't stop.—That wur the acci-*dent*, gentle*men*, and my best respects to you."

Nothing seemed to excite the jeers and laughter of our Dixie boys, so much as a bell crowned hat upon the head of some poor *dreader* of the conscription. But when the hair of that head happened to be red, the combination was too much for their rebel risibles, and they seemed, from their wild laughter and boisterous shouts, to be half frantic with excitement. Everything that rebel ingenuity could invent, of the saucy, the impudent, and the taunting, would be said to the unfortunate object, of their spiteful fun. College bred young gentlemen, serving as privates in the ranks, did not disdain to adopt the language, tones and pronunciation of the uneducated, in order to make their sarcasms the more galling and unbearable. The following scene will be recognized by many still living:

Jerry—"Mister, is there any honey in that bee-gum on your head? I want some sweetnin' powerful bad. I aint had a drop since I kissed Sally Jones."

Henry—"I say, stranger, don't you never feel nothing crawling in your hair, like the bees was gwine to swarm?"

Tom—"Boys, you're a passel of fools. It's a stove-pipe the feller has on his head, and not a bee-gum. Don't you see the fire blazin' all round his head?"

George—"Mister, I'm the rigimental cook, and am real tired cuttin' and totin' wood to make the mess-pot bile, and we've got the darndest, leatheriest, old cow beef now. Won't you be kind enough to come along with us, and when we're too tired to make the fire, jist stick your head in the water and make the old pot bile?".

From Oxford, Miss, we get the incident and anecdote following:

The Rev. John H. Miller, of Pontotoc, Miss., entered the Confederate service, as captain of a very fine company of cavalry.—He soon rose to be colonel. But in a few months, he was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to a responsible civil position in the State. Some months afterward, while riding to the town of Ripley, one Sabbath morning, to preach, he was brutally murdered by two men in federal uniform, and robbed of his gold watch, spectacles, &c., &c.

At the battle of Belmont, in 1861, captain Miller's faithful and *pious* old body servant, Sam, after caparisoning the captain's steed 'Old Ball,' and arranging his *commissary* affairs, concluded to seek a private and *safe* place, and pray for his master, the boys, and the horse. While earnestly engaged in prayer, under the bank of the river, he heard a great noise, and climbing up the bank, he was horrified to see the captain at the head of his company, making a furious charge on the federal lines. As soon as he recovered the power of utterance, he exclaimed—"Now jist look at marse John; did you ever see sich a fool, running right into dem yankees, and old Ball gwine to get hurt, sartin shore." R.

The remainder of the Haversack is given to the gallant Lieutenant Colonel of the 27th North Carolina regiment.

The writer of this has witnessed many instances of individual daring and gallantry upon the battle field, displayed by men of different temperaments, and dispositions: some impelled by impulse, or a reckless indifference or insensibility to danger: some, by a conscientious and patriotic sense of duty: some, by pride, sustained by a strong will, and iron nerve: and probably some, by all of these causes combined. But on one occasion, he witnessed an instance which forcibly impressed him with the support given by implicit faith in God's protecting care. Often has his admiration been elicited (though not himself a christian by any means) by the modest, unassuming, yet earnest interest evinced by corporal W. C. Story, of Co. B., 27th N. C. Infantry, in the mails coming to that regiment, and the eagerness with which he applied for the "North Carolina Presbyterian," "Christian Observer," "Christian Advocate," and all religious papers. These he took charge of and distributed, (in the absence of a chaplain) to the different companies. At other times, he could be seen going around among the men, giving them tracts, and other printed matter calculated to promote their spiritual interests. By his soldierly conduct in camp, and on the field of battle, he had won, and received an appointment, as one of the color corporals. And as such he acted at the battle of Bristoe Station on the 14th October, '63, when the color bearer, sergeant Sumner, was killed, and corporal Barratt, the next in rank, was severely wounded, in charging the enemy behind a rail road embankment. He seized the colors, on the fall of his comrades, and had he not been stopped in a few feet of the rail road by his regimental commander, would have gone over among the enemy, followed by the devoted few, who were not already killed or disabled. He promptly obeyed the order to retreat, and at the top of the hill, when his regiment was halted to protect some abandoned artillery, he as promptly obeyed the order to halt, although, still exposed to a most deadly fire. But when his commander grasped the staff of the colors, he indignantly withdrew it, and with a grieved but determined air, said "Sir when I fail to do my duty, it will be time enough for you to take the colors." His commander, struck with admira-

tion, told him that "he only wished the colors to remain where they were." To which he replied, with a calm, resigned and unexcited expression of countenance "major, I am prepared to die, and do not fear death: if you order it, I will remain here, go back towards the enemy, or go to the rear." He then turned around, and assisted by corporal Roscoe Richards, of Co. G, waved the flag, defiantly at the enemy till ordered off the field. Some idea, of the danger to which this gallant christian boy (for he was but a boy) was exposed, may be formed from the fact, that of four hundred and sixty four (464) officers and men, of his regiment, who went into the battle, upwards of three hundred were killed, or wounded, in a less time than fifteen minutes.

Corporal Story was afterwards promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Ensign of his regiment, and served as such till near the close of the war. Then his health became so bad from exposure in service, that he obtained a leave of absence on surgeon's certificate of disability, and went to his home in Guilford county, North Carolina, where he continued to decline in health, and died shortly after the surrender of the Southern armies.

Two days after the battle of Bristoe Station, in October, 1863, when the Army of Northern Va., was falling back to the Rappahannock, the troops were occupied in destroying the O. & A. R. R., and as was usually the case with Confederate soldiery, who liked fun better than work, they availed themselves of every opportunity to create a diversion from their labors. A fine subject was offered them on this occasion, in the musicians of Cooke's and Kirkland's North Carolina brigades, who had been left behind to attend to, and nurse the large number of wounded of the two commands, and were now passing along to rejoin their regiments. They had been so much bedeviled, and hooted at, by the troops, that they tried to avoid them by going through the fields, and away from the road, but go where they would, they were sure to meet some of the much dreaded arms-bearing men: till at last, they betook themselves to the road in despair, assuming a sullen, indifferent air, never daring to turn their heads, to any of the hailing appeals of "I say mister" "I say, you man with the horn" &c., &c. The most shining mark and apparently the most sullen, and worst worried of them, was the Bass Drummer of the Band of the 27th infantry, (Cooke's brigade) who was a tall, handsome, dignified looking man, carrying one of the largest drums in the army. He was greeted on all sides, but heeded nothing, till attracted by a most pitiful and doleful sound of "mister! oh! mister," several times repeated very near him. He turned, and discovered, that it proceeded from a most woe-begone, tall, cadaverous-looking Georgia soldier, standing about half bent, his hands resting on the muzzle of his gun, and his chin on his hands, uncombed hair hanging over his eyes, and his under lip, (from which dripped saliva) hanging about half an inch below his chin —altogether, looking such a picture of misery, and bodily suffering, that said musician's sympathies were at once enlisted, and he asked in a tone of much commiserating kindness, "what can I do for you?" With a very beseeching air and trembling voice, the Georgian said "won't you please be so kind as to pick a tune on that ar' thing for a sick man." The poor musician went on his way, supremely disgusted, amid the shouts and laughter of all in hearing. So long as the war lasted, he never heard the last of it. And many were the applications made to him for the soothing tones of "that ar thing."

In February, 1864, A. P. Hill's corps and other troops were marched towards Madison C. H., Virginia, to intercept a portion of the cavalry of Meade's army, which was on a "raid" towards Charlottesville. But on reaching the vicinity of the C. H., it was ascertained, that the enemy had returned to their own lines north of Robinson river. After picketing the roads, the Confederates bivouacked for the night. Next morning, all hands took the back track, returning to winter quarters. The cavalry, in passing the infantry, by riding in the ditches on either side of the road, exasperated the foot soldiers by spattering mud, and water; and probably, too, excited the envy of some of the poor barefooted, and weary fellows, who saw their more comfortable, and speedy mode of transportation to camp, which of course, called forth all the jeering, and derisive remarks that the infantry could command. Our regiment of Cooke's North Carolina brigade, was left on picket the night before, and the brigade commander sent Lieutenant G., of the 27th, (who was at the time acting A. A. G.) back to bring it up. Now the Lieutenant, though as gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword, and having seen nearly three years hard service as a soldier in the field, had been equally as long a time, if not longer, using the most diligent and strenuous efforts, to raise a moustache (which is generally considered requisite to soldierly appearance); but had only succeeded in producing a scanty supply of down, devoid of color, on his upper lip, which could only be seen by closely observing, when a profile view could be had of him, between the observer, and a strong light. He had not ridden far, when he met Scales' North Carolina brigade, and had to stop till they passed. Having on his gray overcoat, with no insignia of rank visible, he was taken for one of the cavalry, and of course, was the recipient of the usual shower of compliments, all of which he received with much dignity and grace, till one fellow, with keener vision than his comrades, spied the fruits of his *barber*ous efforts,—and called to him in a very bland and courteous manner. The man stopped short, and gazed long and beseechingly at the lieutenant, and then said in a very humble, supplicating tone, "will you please move that moustache out of the road and let me pass."

The Lieutenant had business, immediately, of an urgent nature off from the road, and carried the obstruction with him. But the fact of his efforts being so far successful, as to attract the attention of others, encouraged him, and by dint of patience, perseverance, diligent cultivation, and the aid of three more years, he can now parade quite a respectable affair, visible to the naked eye.

JOS. C. WEBB.

EDITORIAL.

Our friend, Daniel M. White, Esq., of Parkersburg, Va., sent us, some time since, a package of poetry, written by our soldiers in prison. He said that some of them had been published by a copperhead paper in Ohio, of small circulation, which was soon suppressed. The beautiful poem, by Col. Jones, "First Love," published in our last number, and the "Victory of Faith," by Col. Haw-

kins, in the present issue, are both taken from that collection. We do not know whether, or not, they have been published in the Ohio paper, nor whether they have ever been published in any Southern journal. As we are entirely opposed to "bummerizing" in literature, as well as in war, we wish to give the credit, always, where it belongs, to author and publisher. We think that there is too much carelessness in this matter. We have recently seen two books: in one of which, there were two poems; and in the other, three, which were written for, and published in our office, and duly paid for. To our surprise, no acknowledgement was made of the source from which they came. In our innocence, we thought that these five poems belonged to us, and could not be used without some recognition of the original publication. In one instance, at least, we were supposed to have borrowed from one of these books, and our friend was very much surprised to find that the very reverse was the case. The lender was suspected of being a thankless borrower! This illustrates the wrong of the system. But we have a still more striking example of it. The "Dixie," of Mrs. Downing, published in our October number, comes back to us from a Kentucky paper, as being taken from the Wilmington (Del.) *Gazette*. It has neither the name of the authoress, nor of the publisher. We can imagine how the thing was done, by what occurred in another case in point. The "Æsop Again," of Dr. Ticknor, written for, and published in this Magazine, was copied, immediately afterwards, by one of our most respected and respectable contemporaries in Virginia, without acknowledgement to Dr. Ticknor or ourselves. The next paper, which transfers it to its columns, does so, of course, in ignorance of the author; and his name is soon lost. In this way, we suppose, "The Long Ago," of Henderson, has been quietly appropriated by another. There has been no jealousy hitherto about these things at the South, because authorship has not been a profession. And, then, when through the neglect of our periodical press, and the indifference of our writers, the South could claim but few literary products, we were told by the most malignant, because the most cowardly and *crack-headed* of all the Jacobins, that the Southern people were not intellectual. However indifferent Southern authors may have once been in regard to their literary labors, it is not so now, and may never be so again. The pursuit of letters is not now a recreation, but an earnest effort for a livelihood.

The South has little left her besides the privilege of paying taxes, according to the great principles fought for by our fathers. In our season of humiliation and poverty, we may build up a sound, healthful, literature of our own.—But the first step toward this is to give every one his due, to honor our own writers, to be jealous of their reputations, to give them words of cheer and comfort, and to permit no one to wrong them.

We do not make these remarks in a spirit of unkindness, to any person, and we sincerely regret that we have had to draw our illustrations from our own experience. We present the subject not to complain of our grievances, but from a firm conviction that we need a better system at the South, and that without it, the work of literary men must be in vain.

The death of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, is a national calamity.—A great and good man has fallen! cut down, as it were, in a moment. We should rather say *translated*, in a moment. For, the faithful ser-

vant of God has ceased from his labor, and entered his rest.

It was our inestimable privilege, in early life, to sit frequently under his ministry, during a year's residence in Savannah. We well remember that the first distinct impression ever received, that religion was a *beautiful*, as well as holy thing, was while hearing him preach from Isa. XLVIII., 18:—"Oh! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." His sermons, his conversation, his life,—all exhibited the *beauty* of holiness. This it was, which made him so attractive to the young, and constrained even the most thoughless and wordly minded, to see the loveliness of genuine piety. He presented religion in an engaging form, divested of all gloom and moroseness; and, therefore, all classes were captivated by him. The death of such a man, at this time, seems a strange Providence. His love for the afflicted South was intense.—Every feeling of his soul was loyal to his own people. He would have sacrificed all, except his hopes of Heaven, for their well-being and happiness. In return for this ardent attachment, we gave him our confidence, our reverence, and our love.

We cannot recall him, nor would we do so, if we could. But we can cherish his memory, follow his counsels, and try to imitate his example.

A friend writes to us from Chestertown, Md., for such proofs of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg (N. C.) Declaration of Independence, on the 20th May, 1775, as would satisfy the most sceptical mind. To enter fully into this subject would require an elaborate article. We can only refer now, to the histories of Hawks, Ramsey, Wheeler, and Foote. The address of Dr. Hawks delivered in this place was exhaustive and unanswerable.

But there is one proof, which must be perfectly satisfactory to every sane mind. Every man and woman, of ordinary intelligence in the counties adjoining Charlotte, know by oral tradition of the verity of this Declaration. There are living among us not only the descendants of those, who were present on that occasion, but also of the signers themselves. The writer knows well a son of one of the signers, and knows also grand children of two other signers. A man in our county, who would have any doubts about the Declaration, would be thought to be a fit subject for an Insane Asylum.

We cannot conceive of a stronger proof of the truth of an occurrence than the universal belief in it, by the children and grand children of those, who are alleged to have been actors in it.

We are much gratified at the return of Generals Price and Magruder. There is no land in the world like our own loved and lovely Dixie, and the heart of the exile must ever yearn tenderly toward it. When Jacobin fury has expended itself, and Jacobin schemes have been proved to be wild, foolish and wicked, we may yet have a glorious country to live in. So may it be.

New Orleans, ever foremost to appreciate real worth, paid extraordinary honors to Missouri's noble chieftain. We are curious to know what sort of *sonly* honor Gov. Fletcher will pay to "old Pap."

The papers announce the marriage of Gen. Kilpatrick to a South American lady. We had not heard of the death of the Mrs. Kilpatrick, with whom he traveled in the two Carolinas.

When McClellan threw his eighty thousand upon five thousand half-ragged, and almost wholly starved rebels; a poor fellow,

with three bars upon his collar, became so frightened by the vast host, that he started for his distant home in a cotton State, and never stopped till he got there, with the piteous tale "he only was left alone to tell" of the slaughter. We have been reminded of this almost forgotten incident, by seeing it stated that Gen. Lew. Wallace has been making a speech in Chihuahua. We last heard of him on the Monocacy, making rapidly "to the front, which was strangely the rear," (as Thompson said of John Pope,) with one J. B. Gordon, of Ga., close behind him. We did not know that Gen. Lew. had kept on traveling, till he reached Mexico.

BOOK NOTICES.

A MEMOIR OF THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE. By Lt. Gen. J. A. Early. Toronto, Lovell & Gibson, 1866.

We are delighted to see this paper-covered volume of 144 pages from our esteemed brother in arms, and we are glad that he is once more in easy communication with his old friends. We learn from a private letter that he wishes to place his Memoirs in the hands of some Southern book-seller, with directions to devote the proceeds to the relief of the widows and orphans of the Confederate dead. We hope to give a more extended notice of this volume, in some future issue. For the present, we can only give an extract from the preface.

"I believe that the world has never produced a body of men superior, in courage, patriotism, and endurance, to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies. I have repeatedly seen those soldiers submit, with cheerfulness, to privations and hardships which would appear to be almost incredible; and the wild cheers of our brave men, (which were so different from the studied hurrahs of the Yankees,) when their thin lines sent back opposing hosts of Federal troops, staggering, reeling, and flying, have often thrilled every fibre in my heart. I have seen, with my own eyes, ragged, barefooted, and hungry Confederate soldiers perform deeds, which, if performed in days of yore by mailed warriors in glittering armor, would have inspired the harp of the minstrel and the pen of the poet.

I do not aspire to the character of a historian, but, having been a witness of and participator in great events, I have given a statement of what I saw and did, for the use of the future historian. Without breaking the thread of my narrative, as it proceeds, I have given, in notes, comments on some of the errors and inconsistencies committed by the commander of the Federal army, Gen. Grant, and the Federal Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, in their reports made since the close of the war; also some instances of cruelty and barbarity committed by the Federal commanders, which were brought to my immediate attention, as well as some other matters of interest.

As was to have been expected, our enemies have flooded the press with sketches and histories, in which all the appliances of a meretricious literature have been made use of, to glorify their own cause and its supporters, and to blacken ours. But some Southern writers also, who preferred the pen to the sword or musket, have not been able to resist the temptation to rush into print; and, accordingly, carping criticisms have been written by the light of after events, and even histories of the war attempted by persons, who imagined that the distinctness of their vision was enhanced by distance from the scene of conflict, and an exemption from the disturbing elements of whistling bullets and bursting shells. Perhaps other writers of the same class may follow, and various speculations be indulged in, as to the causes of our disasters. As for myself, I have not undertaken to speculate as to the causes of our failure, as I have seen abundant reason for it in the tremendous odds brought against us. Having had some means of judging, I will, however, say that, in my opinion, both President Davis and Gen. Lee, in their respective spheres, did all for the success of our cause which it was possible for mortal men to do; and it is a great privilege and comfort for me so to believe, and to have been able to bring with me into exile a profound

love and veneration for those great men.

There were men born and nurtured in the Southern States, and some of them in my own State, who took sides with our enemies, and aided in desolating and humiliating the land of their own birth, and of the graves of their ancestors. Some of them rose to high positions in the United States Army, and others to high civil positions. I envy them not their dearly bought prosperity. I had rather be the humblest private soldier who fought in the ranks of the Confederate Army, and now, maimed and disabled, hobbles on his crutches from house to house, to receive his daily bread from the hands of the grateful women for whose homes he fought, than the highest of those renegades and traitors. Let them enjoy the advantages of their present position as best they may! for the deep and bitter execrations of an entire people now attend them, and an immortality of infamy awaits them. As for all the enemies who have overrun or aided in overrunning my country, there is a wide and impassable gulf between us, in which I see the blood of slaughtered friends, comrades, and countrymen, which all the waters in the firmament above and the seas beneath cannot wash away.

LAST NINETY DAYS OF THE WAR IN N. C. By Cornelia Phillips Spencer. New York, Watchman Publishing Company.

We regard this book as a most valuable contribution to the history of the great struggle. There is learning, research and genius in it. We regret, however, that there is a disposition to give an extravagant prominence to a few individuals, whose extraordinary services to the country and whose claims upon its gratitude were never heard of, before this book was written. Mrs. Spencer looked at the war from a more loyal stand-point, than this reviewer used to occupy before his conversion to union principles. But he supposes that the value of the book will be greatly enhanced by this fact. It will show the North how *all* the honorable, high-toned and good people of the South, although they may have been sincerely and ardently attached to the Union, yet nevertheless went heart and soul into the war; when husbands, fathers, brothers and sons were fighting under the Confederate flag.—Graham, Vance, Worth and hundreds of others fought earnestly against the revolutionary movement, when some of the loyalists of to-day were advocating nullification, secession,—any thing to get out of the Union. But while the first named class gave their time, energy and personal service to the cause of the South and remained true to it to the last: the second class began to look out for themselves, when our reverses at Vicksburg and Gettysburg taught them that the final victory would not perch upon our banners. If there were Union men in our midst, before the star of the South began to wane, no one knew of their existence. They kept their loyal lights hid under a bushel. Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, testifies that the first secession speech he ever heard was from the, at present, loyal and very blood-thirsty Governor Hahn, and that he believed Dr. Dostie was the only Union man in that city, at the out-break of the war. We will be told that the Union men were kept in fear by the slave oligarchy. But if they were such poltroons as to profess a loyalty, which they did not feel, to *one* government while in power, may not the suspicion be reasonably excited that their present fealty to *another* government in power is from the same mean motive? We have too much respect for the intelligence of the men of the North, to believe that they are deceived by these hollow professions of self-acknowledged cowards. They *use* these poor creatures, just as they used mules and donkeys captured at the South, as beasts of burden, of drudgery and of scavenger work.

Mrs. Spencer mentions a few of the millions of atrocities committed by the troops of Sherman and Gillam. Enough is said, however, of the personal character of the latter to show that he was sadly out of place with a star upon his shoulder. His proper position

would have been with the bummers of Sherman.

With many of the views of Mrs. Spencer, we have but little sympathy; and for her apotheosis of certain persons, we have a positive disrelish. But upon the whole, she has executed her task well.—The book is written with so much real ability, and engaging sprightliness, that it will live.

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.—By W. Gilmore Simms, L. L. D. New York, Richardson & Co.

General Sherman, in his triumphal march to restore the Union and advance the interests of civilization, found the quiet home of the veteran poet, a lion in his pathway, and destroyed it. With it, perished a magnificent library and the literary labors of many years. Stripped and peeled in his old age, but not discouraged, Mr. Simms has gone to work with new zeal and ardor. What a noble example does he set and what a rebuke it is to some of our youngsters, who seem to have no higher aim than to be as idle, and as thriftless as the freedmen.

With commendable industry, Mr. Simms has collected a volume of poems produced during the war. We miss from his collection many of the very best, and we certainly find some of the very worst.—"The Virginians of the Valley," "The Brave at Home," "the Confederate Note," are not there. Instead of these, we have some, which have but little merit in rhythm, grace, and spirit. We regret too, that he has not ascertained the authorship of more of the poems. This certainly could have been done, and was due to history as well as to the writers. Misled, moreover, by a *nom de plume*, he has attributed the most celebrated of all the poems to the wrong writer. A. J. Ryan, and not Mrs. Dinnies, is the author of it. The letter, of Mr. Ryan on this subject, is one of the most modest and graceful letters in the language. Again, we think that Mr. Simms is in error in ascribing "All quiet along the Potomac tonight" to Lamar Fontaine. If he has ever claimed it over his own signature, then we are in error and not Mr. Simms. But in the absence of such proof, it seems strange that a man should be able to produce such a gem and produce nothing else. History tells of a single-speech Hamilton, but of no single-poem poet.

Believing that criticism should always be candid, we raise these small objections. The work is not perfect; what human performance ever was? But it supplies an important want and is in the main exceedingly well done.

SOUTHERN POEMS OF THE WAR. Collected and Arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason. Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.

The typography, binding and general finish of this book are admirable. Miss Mason has shown good taste, too, in her selection.—There are but few poems in this book, which have not real merit, though there are some destined to have no other record, than this. It is an unpleasant task to raise any carping objections to the work of a lady; but there are a few trifling defects which may be corrected in a future edition. In the first place, her title is a misnomer in regard to some of the pieces.—Henderson's poem is *not* a "poem of the war." 'Twas published more than twenty years ago.—"*The* war" is supposed to refer to the Confederate struggle for independence. The poems of Henry R. Jackson were written during the *Mexican* war and were published in Griswold's collection, long before our war was thought of. Again, the name of a poet should be correctly given. On page 103, we see the name of S. T. Wallace; it ought to be Wallis.—Lucas, of Halltown, Va., is a true